TOLEDO BLADE

VOL. LIII. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1885. NO. 18.

Our New Serial Story.

Written expressly for the Blade.

THE

ISLAND CAPTIVE;

A Romance of Lake Erie.

CHAPTER I.

A LANDING ON THE SHORE OF LAKE ERIE.

"Well, I swan to gracious!"

Such was the ejaculation to Seth Thomas, a tall, swarthy backwoodsman, hunter and trapper, as he stood in the shadow of a cluster of oak trees, on the northern bank of a peninsula, which runs diagonally into Lake Erie, with a broad, beautiful bay on its southern side, and the wide lake on the other.

A landscape may be greatly changed from its primitive wildness by the hand of man, but the water is changeless. And one to-day standing on the same spot would see nearly the same view that greeted the eyes of the sturdy Seth, as he gazed across the light green waters of the lake.

He would see the same wide sweep of water, dotted at the distance of a few miles with half a dozen islands. The islands themselves are somewhat changed. The forest has partly been cut away, and vineyards occupy its place; while here and there the eye can see white houses peeping out from among the greenery.

But Seth's eyes gazed on nothing but the unbroken deep green of the trees, which, as yet untouched by the hand of man, swept down to the beach in one mass of vegetation.

The beauteous panorama of lake and sky outspread before him was not, however, the cause of the trapper's exclamation.

Coming up this lake from the direction of Buffalo were two boats, each with a single mast, supporting one great, unwieldy sail, and making progress slowly westward under a gentle breeze.

They were hardly a half-mile off shore. And as Seth was looking intently at them, trying to make out, with a sort of lazy curiosity, what they might contain, the leading boat changed her direction, and headed for the strip of gravelly beach just below the thick grove of trees in whose shelter he was standing. The second boat promptly followed this lead.

Nor was it this sudden movement toward the shore that had brought the exclamation from the hunter; but his eagle eye had discovered the form of a well-known acquaintance steering the leading boat.

"Ef that ain't Hank Goodwin, then thar's no snakes!"

Seth seated himself at the foot of a tree, and leaning back against its trunk, with his rifle laid carefully across his knees, awaited the landing of the boats.

Soon the bow of the first grated harshly upon the pebbles.

Seth arose, and walked down to the beach just as the man he had been watching leaped out of the boat.

"Wal, Hank Goodwin, howdy?"

Hank was a stout-built, middle-aged man, with a shock of coarse black hair and a mop of beard of the same color. His most marked facial characteristic was his eyebrows, which, sable and bushy, extended across his face in an almost straight line from temple to temple, being joined over the nose instead of being separated. These formed a thick growth over a pair of restless eyes, that hardly would look fixedly at any one, but continually shifted uneasily.

He looked an instant at Seth, and then said, gruffly:

"Hello, Seth Thomas! How'd you come here? I thought you were up at Detroit?"

"Well, I ain't! I might say you was up at Detroit, too, for the matter of that!"

Hank busied himself in getting a rope from the boat, which he dragged up the bank and secured to a tree, thus holding the vessel firmly against the beach.

"Who've you got in thar?" asked Seth.

"Some people goin' out campin'," answered Hank, briefly.

"Where from?" pursued Seth.

"Folks from down East some'ers," was the reply.

"Who be they, Hank?"

"Oh, their name's Burnham."

"What on airth they want to go campin' out here for?" pursued Seth.

"'Cause they wanter, I guess," responded Hank, gruffly. Then, having secured the rope to his satisfaction, he turned to Seth with a sardonic grin and asked: "Any more questions, Seth? I'm a regular old answer to the catechism. Fire away!"

Seth's eyes flashed, and he would have made an indignant reply, had not his tongue been tied by a sudden apparition—a vision!

A gentleman of middle age came to the bow of the boat, with the evident intention of landing. Behind him was a young and lovely girl, in a neat, well-fitting suit, which well became her graceful figure. A jaunty brown hat with drooping red plume, shaded a face in which the sprightliness and archness of the laughing girl were struggling with the quiet dignity of womanhood for the mastery. Her dark brown hair hung over her shoulders in graceful ringlets. Altogether she was much the fairest vision that honest Seth's eyes had rested upon for many a day.

"Come, Doris!" said Mr. Burnham, "Let me aid you." And springing to the pebbly beach, he assisted his daughter from the boat.

Seth retired up the bank, picked up his rifle, and stood for a short time watching the preparations for debarkation. Then he gazed at the sun, and turning, rapidly disappeared up the hill in the forest.

"By jewhillikins, but Cap will be tired of waitin'," ejaculated he as he kept rapidly on his way.

Reaching the highest point of the ridge of land which formed the backbone of the peninsula, he turned westward and pursued his way briskly until he reached a little gully where, amid the trees, there welled up a spring of clear, sparkling water, which took its way through mossy coverts downward to the bay.

Upon the ground near the spring sat a young man of twenty-three years or thereabouts. He was tall and well-built, with broad shoulders, indicating a strong body. His hair and eyes were dark, and his face, bronzed by exposure to sun and wind, had a manly and pleasing expression. He sprang up as Seth appeared.

"Well, Seth, I have been waiting some time for you. Where have you been?"

"Takin' notes," was Seth's reply. "By hokey, Cap, but I've seen a ghost!"

"A ghost!" was the surprised exclamation.

"Yas, a ghost. No, it wa'n't a ghost, neither, for ghosts don't walk about in broad daylight—nor take trips on the lake in boats—not as I ever heerd on."

"What on earth are you talking of, Seth?" asked the young man in a bewildered tone. "Whom have you seen?"

"Cap, I've seen a woman!"

"Squaw, of course!" affirmed, rather than questioned the youth.

"Not much!" was the indignant response. "No, indeedy, 't wa'n't a squaw! It was a white gal, and the puttiest—oh, my!—the puttiest woman ever I sot eyes on!"

"Why, I did not know there was a white woman nearer than the Miami of the Lakes!" was the reply. "Where was she?"

"Gittin' offen a boat over thereaways, by the lake shore, with her father."

"What are they doing over there?"

"Gwine to camp out, I heern tell. But, Cap, sposin' we tramp for the shanty?"

"I'm ready," answered Sidney Fairfax—for that was the name of the young man. "I suppose we will find everything as we left it this morning."

CHAPTER II.

A VISIT TO CAMP.

The next day the two, Sidney Fairfax and Seth Thomas, in their expedition through the forest, found it convenient, though twithout saying a word of the sort to each other, to take the new camp by the lake in their route. Seth was moved by the simple curiosity incident to his lonely life to see and hear all he could of any new-comer, and Sidney was moved by the rapturous description that Seth had given him of Doris to get a view of the beautiful girl. At three-and-twenty a young man is not indifferent to the charms of the opposite sex.

The spot selected for the camp was a level spot, a little to the eastward of the landing-point of the day before. A few rods from that pebbly beach the shore became rocky, and the land ended abruptly in a low cliff of granite, some fifteen or twenty feet high. The surface above the rock was a level plateau, shaded by maple and beech trees, and here two large and comfortable tents had been pitched, while a brush stable had been erected for two horses, which formed part of the cargo of the two lumbering boats the previous day.

The lap of the larger tent was thrown back, revealing a glimpse of a comfortably furnished interior. The tent was divided by a canvas partition, the rear division evidently forming the sleeping apartment of Doris, while her father occupied the front. The other tent was used as a kitchen and dining-room, and also as a sleeping place for their servant.

Fairfax stepped forward, followed by Seth. Within the main tent sat Mr. Burnham, gazing out on the beautiful lake and the islands in the distance, like emerald gems upon its bosom.

Seeing our two friends advancing Mr. Burnham arose and came forward courteously.

"Good day," said he, courteously. "Come in."

"Guess I will," said the incorrigible Seth, suiting the action to the word, while Fairfax saluted the gentleman in proper form, giving his name and that of his companion.

"Wall," said Seth, "Got yourselves fixed mighty comfortable here. I didn't 'spose a man could rig up a tent so all-fired home-like as this one is."

"Yes," responded Burnham, laughing "We have endeavored to make our stay here as comfortable as possible."

"I am glad to find you here, Mr. Burnham," said Fairfax. "I have spent some months moving through the wilderness, and though I am somewhat enamored of a wildwoods life, I am glad to find friends in this unexpected location."

"Yes, no doubt; and the pleasure is mutual," responded Mr. Burnham.

"How long will you remain here?" queried Fairfax.

"That I cannot tell. I am engaged in trading throughout the Northwest, and as you know these times are troublous, my affairs need my personal supervision. I might go farther West and attend to the details of the business in person; but my only daughter is all my family, her mother being dead, and she wishes to be with me. It would not be safe to take her there; so I concluded to camp here for a time. My boats, passing to and fro, can put in here without going out of their route, and I can thus have close communication with my business headquarters at Buffalo, and with my men in the country to the westward. My stay will depend largely on the condition of affairs in the future."

At this juncture the girl came in, and, seeing the strangers, stood awaiting an introduction. After this had been done, and after a few commonplace remarks, she retreated to her father's side, where she stood, leaning affectionately over his chair.

"Doris is a brave little pioneer," said Mr. Burnham, drawing her to him with a caressing gesture. "She declares that life on the breezy lakeside will be most delightful, and that she will be perfectly contented here. I told her there would be no society, but she overruled me, and here she is; and she will be as lonely as a hermit, I am afraid—though she is too spirited to ever own it."

"I shall not own what will probably be false," said the young girl with a smile. "I shall love this wild freedom, and the privilege of going and coming without the watchful eyes of meddlesome people to spy my movements and comment upon them. A few months of pioneer life will be something to remember for a lifetime."

"Yer sensible, miss," broke in Seth. "The woods is better'n the towns. I believe you will enjoy 'em, too. I saw you yesterday when you landed."

"Indeed?" she laughed gaily. "And you came to-day to see what manner of person I was? I am glad to see you both, at any rate."

"Mr. Munro—the gentleman we met in Buffalo a month or two ago—was here while you have been absent, Doris," said her father to her.

"Mr. Munro!" she exclaimed, in deep surprise. A slight shadow seemed to fall upon her face at her father's announcement, which Fairfax interpreted as an expression of doubt and dislike; but it vanished in a moment.

"Munro?" queried Seth. "Do tell! Did you folks know him back in Buffalo?"

"I had some business dealings with him," replied Mr. Burnham. "He was in Buffalo several days."

"H'm!" said the trapper. "I remember the time. I wondered what had become of him."

"What is he doing here, of all places in the world?" inquired Doris of her father.

"He has some trappers and hunters employed, I believe, to the west of us," returned Mr. Burnham, "and, like me, having a liking for this section, has made a camp some distance up the lake."

"I don't quite like that feller," said Seth, reflectively. "I dunno why, neither; but he don't look just right, somehow."

"He resembles Mr. Fairfax—slightly," Doris said, looking at the young man with a puzzled expression.

"Same eyes and forred," said Seth; "only the look is different. He's got a beard, too. Wall, Cap., we mought as well be a-goin'," he continued, turning to Fairfax.

"I think so," returned the latter, arising.

"Come again," said Mr. Burnham. "We shall always be glad to see you; I and my pet. Eh, Doris?"

"Certainly. It will be a pleasure to see you both frequently," a slight flush rising to her face.

"Thanks. I shall avail myself of the privilege to call often," replied the young man. "Good day."

He lifted his cap, bowed and departed, followed by Seth. On their way they passed the brush stable. In front of the structure a short, stout boy, of eighteen or nineteen, was currying a splendid black horse, which was tethered to a tree. He was amusing himself while at his work by whistling "Yankee Doodle" with extreme vigor.

"Hello, bub!" called out Seth. "How's yer health?"

"Name ain't bub; it's Jotham Hawkins," concisely replied the boy, stopping only long enough to answer, and at once resuming his whistling, in a more ear-piercing manner than before.

Seth scratched his head with an air of good-natured amusement. Then taking advantage of a pause in the labial music, he inquired, "Kin you kill anything with that gun?" alluding to a musket which leaned against a neighboring tree.

"Kin skeer suthin to death now and then with her," was the reply, and the whistling recommenced.

"How d'ye like the country?" pursued Seth.

Jotham deliberately whistled the air entirely through before replying: "Seen places I like better. Anything else you'd like to ask?" And he straightened up from his work, his arms akimbo, one hand grasping the curry-comb and the other the brush, and bestowing a good-natured grin upon his interlocutor.

"Yes," replied Seth. "Where is Hank Goodwin?"

"Gone down to trap for Mr. Munro," replied Jothan.

"Gosh!" was Seth's comment. And he follows Fairfax, who had walked on ahead, without any further parly with the imperturbable Jotham.

"Queer chap, that feller," said Seth to Fairfax, when he had overtaken him.

"It is very strange," replied Fairfax, dreamily.

"What?" ejaculated Seth.

"Ah!" replied Fairfax, with a start. "I hardly noticed what you said. I was thinking of the man who calls himself John Munro."

"Hi!" exclaimed Seth. "That sounds as if you wa'n't sure it was his name."

"No, I didn't mean quite that, Seth," returned the young man. "My suspicions—if such vague doubts as I have may be called suspicions—are not definite enough for that. No doubt his name is Munro. But it is strange that it seems to me that I have met him before."

"That you've seen him before?" echoed Seth.

"Yes. Whenever I am with him—in his presence—I have an unexplainable feeling that he is an old acquaintance. Yet when I scan his features, I cannot recognize him, nor recall that I ever saw him before coming to this wilderness."

"And that gal—Miss Burnham—noticed that he looks like you," observed the trapper.

"Yes; his hair and eyes are of the same color as mine; and the upper part of his face has the same general contour as mine. His beard prevents me seeing if the resemblance is continued in the lower half. Then, too, he has a way of looking at me which puzzles me."

"Now, do you know I noticed that, too?" broke in Seth, eagerly. Though he didn't do it open and above-board, as I say a man orter look. 'Twas a kind of a sly glance."

"But it may not have been anything but a rather disagreeable peculiarity of his, Seth," concluded Fairfax.

And he walked in in silence, thinking—of what? Of the bright face of Doris Burnham!

As he walked on by the side of Seth, they passed within a few yards of a dense clump of bushes. When they had gone some little distance, a man slowly arose from a prostrate log on the other side, and looked long and earnestly after their retreating forms.

"It is just as well, perhaps, that the trapper is with him now. Any other time will do as well."

It was John Munro.

The afternoon was waning as he, for the second time that day, presented himself at the door of the tent of Mr. Burnham. The lap was still up to admit the cool evening breeze blowing off the lake, and Doris sat by the lamp, refitting a pair of riding gloves.

"Good evening, Miss Doris."

Doris looked up quickly. "Good evening, Mr. Munro," said she, in measured tones. "I was astonished when papa told me you had called this morning. I did not dream of meeting you out here in the wilderness."

She placed a chair for him, and he seated himself. The lamplight shining brightly on him, Doris remarked that the general resemblance of his face to that of Fairfax was indeed striking. In stature they were alike, and Munro's hair and eyes were seen to be identical in color with those of the young man. The chief difference seemed to be that Fairfax had a clean-shaven face, excepting a mustache, while Munro wore a heavy beard, though tolerably closely trimmed, besides a mustache.

"I may hope that the surprise of finding me here was a pleasant one to you?" said he, in an inquiring tone.

"It is always pleasant to me to meet papa's friends," replied Doris, in so frank a voice that he doubted if she really intended to draw the fine distinction between her father's and her friends which her words indicated.

Doris's glance never rested on his face but an instant at a time. There was something in the way he gazed upon her when their eyes met that awakened a feeling of repulsion in her heart. His look was not an impudent stare, but it was a devouring gaze, which she shrank from meeting. Her pure instincts told her that he could not offer a woman love, but passion. Hence she was uneasy under his regardful gaze, and she shrank from his presence with a vague feeling of dread, as if a danger menaced her.

"You were absent when I called this morning," he said, turning his eyes—so like Fairfax's in color, so different from them in expression—upon her face.

"Yes. I was exploring the forests of this beautiful peninsula on horseback."

"Are you not afraid to ride about the woods alone?"

"No; why should I be? There is nothing here to harm me."

"Nothing but wild beasts and Indians."

"The wild beasts flee from me, fortunately," she replied, smiling. "But if the Indians are friendly."

"Hardly that, Miss Doris. They are a crafty, ill-favored set. You should be careful. A lone woman has need to fear meeting some of them, at times."

"I have no fear of them. They are Indians, but I do not think they are ruffians."

"You are by no means a coward, I see," answered he, bowing and smiling.

Mr. Burnham entered the tent at that moment, and greeted the visitor. A half hour was spent in conversation, and then Munro bade them good night and departed.

Doris felt as if a dark presence had departed when he had gone. She drew a sigh of relief, and then, smiling to herself, murmured, "How foolish I am!"

"Papa," she said, aloud, "I do not like that man."

"Why not, Doris?"

"Oh—he looks at me in such a disagreeable way—just as if he would like to eat me!"

"Certainly. It will be a pleasure to see you both frequently," a slight flush rising to her face.

"Perhaps he would," was the half-jocular reply. "There seems to be some strong attraction here, to draw him hither twice in one day."

"Nonsense, papa!" with a pout. "You must not say such disagreeable things!"

"Well, then, how did our visitors this morning strike you, Doris?"

"Oh, papa, isn't that trapper a funny man? He came into the tent and took possession of it, almost! And his talk! He reminded me of Jotham! But he did not say so many sharp things as Jotham does," she added, musingly.

"He is an odd character, but he certainly is an honest man. And that young Fairfax; he struck me as being a most agreeable and sensible young fellow."

"Yes, indeed, papa!" said Doris, vivaciously; "his face has no bad lines, and he has an honest look out of his eyes. And now I will read the rest of this story," said she, picking up a book.

CHAPTER III.

A DAUGHTER OF THE FOREST.

It was the morning of the next day. The broad bay lying behind the bulwark of the peninsula, was only ruffled somewhat by the breeze that sent the long rollers thundering upon the huge boulders lying at the base of the low cliff in front of the tents of the Burnhams. A man came swiftly down the slope that led to the shore of the bay.

It was Munro. He wore a hunting dress, and carried, besides his rifle and accoutrements, several bundles. Reaching the water's edge, he deposited his load upon the ground, and going to a thicket near by, dragged out a canoe and a pair of oars.

"This saves me a long journey," he exclaimed. "It was a good thought to send Hank Goodwin around here with the boat yesterday."

Launching his craft, he deposited his bundles, rifle and accoutrements therein, and then stepping in, he bent himself to the oars, taking a line for the upper end of the bay.

Two hours steady pulling brought him to the mouth of the river emptying into this arm of Lake Erie. He rested on his oars a moment, and taking a small drinking-cup, dipped from the clear waters and drank.

"Ah!" said he, "now for the dusky warriors and the dark-eyed daughters of the forest, too!"

With a short laugh, he resumed his oars, and pulled steadily up the stream.

The forest was lonely. There was no break in the monotony of the banks. Everywhere the thick woods came down to the very brink of the water, on both sides of the stream.

Munro hardly rested at all. Once or twice, when he reached a point where a smaller stream entered the river, he rested on his oars, and gazed up the branch, but his eyes did not rest on a human form. The forest was without inhabitants.

When the sun stood midway in the heavens, Munro made for the shore at a point where a clear little rill entered the river, and seating himself on the grass by its side, proceeded to make his noonday meal of food which he had brought with him. Resting for a short time after concluding his repast, he re-embarked, and pulled up the river with renewed vigor.

The sun was setting, and the forest aisles were already darkening, when his eye caught ahead of him, as he turned to look up stream, the red gleam of camp-fires.

In ten minutes his boat grated upon the pebbles of the shore in front of an Indian camp of nearly a dozen lodges, before which fires were burning. Several half-naked Indian children were playing in the open spaces among the lodges, and the squaws were all busy preparing the evening meal.

Munro approached the group nearest him. An old Indian, who, from his dress, appeared to be superior to the others, arose and saluted him respectfully. The others followed his example.

"The Panther is welcome," said the old chief, in his native tongue. "Why has he tarried so long away from among his red brothers?"

"I have been far toward the rising sun, among the villages of the pale faces," was Munro's answer, in the same language.

As he passed on through the camp, the Indians all greeted him with words of hearty welcome. His position among them seemed to be that of a brother, whose goings and comings were not to be questioned.

But there was one who stood aloof, and returned but a grudging reply to Munro's salutation. It was a young brave, Grey Eagle by name, who sat by the fire, apparently taking no part in the animated talk which had been going on among the other members of the circle.

Muro's face wore a cynical smile as he noted the behavior of the young brave. "He still mourns the loss of Waunita!" he muttered to himself.

A lodge stood near by, the curtain thrown back, so that the interior could be plainly seen. Within, seated upon a pile of skins, was a young Indian girl. Indian women, as a rule, are not handsome, but Waunita was one exception. Her face was delicate in its outlines, her eyes large and lustrous, with a pleading expression, such as is seen in those of the deer. She was dressed in fawnskin fancifully ornamented, and her small feet were shod in moccasins of the same.

Lying on the heap of skins before her was a baby. Its young mother was talking to it in cooing tones, as its dark eyes were fixed upon her face, and the little hands were lifted in that aimless way way common to all infants, no matter what the color of the skin.

Munro stopped a moment to gaze upon the pretty picture of the dusky young mother and her child. But his face showed he was dissatisfied as his eyes rested on the infant.

"What matters it?" he said to himself. "It is as easy to leave both as one."

Then taking a step forward he called, "Waunita!"

The girl had been unconscious of his approach. Raising her eyes at his call, she recognized him, and her face lighted up with joy and happiness. Springing to her feet, with a bound she was in his arms, a cry of joy upon her lips.

"My husband!" she murmured caressingly, as she wound her shapely arms about his neck, and hid her glowing face, to which the warm blood had surged as she recognized him, in his bosom.

Munro caressed her with many endearing phrases, and kissed her again and again. But had an observer been within the lodge he would have seen that there was a slight shadow on his face, and that his manner was not free from constraint.

He gently loosened the clinging arms, and led the girl back to the heap of skins on which lay the infant. The dark blood again mantled her cheek as he stood with his arms around her and gazed down on the infant, and she laid her face on his shoulder as her little dusky hand crept into his.

He bent down and scrutinized the child, of whose existence he had not known until now. He could see that the shape of the face resembled his own, while the coal-black eyes and hair and dusky skin were those of its mother. His face worked strangely as he looked on the morsel of humanity.

Seating himself on the pile of skins, he drew the girl down by his side. "Some time he will be a great warrior, Waunita," he said. "Perhaps a chief. Then the heart of Waunita will be proud."

"The heart of Waunita is proud now," returned the girl. "But why does the Panther stay away from his wife so long? Waunita is lonely when he is gone. Will he stay now, with her and his boy?"

"For a day and two nights," replied Munro, "and then I must go away for a time. But it will not be so long as it has been this time. Then I will return and stay always with Waunita."

The girl crept into his arms, throwing one arm about his neck, and pressed her cheek against his. "Then Waunita will be very, very happy," she murmured.

Munro had appeared among the Indians nearly two years before. In various ways he had won their confidence, and when he saw the pretty Waunita he determined that she should be his. The girl loved him, and met his advances as he desired, and soon they were married according to Indian custom. The tribe had all assented to this save the young brave before alluded to, who loved the maiden himself, and hated Munro because he had won her.

Munro had been in the habit of being absent on long journeys before his marriage, and these were continued after he had won Waunita. His last absence, however, had been nearly six months long, and the poor girl had half fearfully began to doubt whether he would ever return. His unexpected appearance had filled her with unspeakable joy.

Meanwhile Grey Eagle, the young brave referred to, had witnessed the joyous welcome which Waunita gave her truant husband, and, as if unable to bear the sight, had left the circle about the fire and plunged into the shadows of the forest.

Waunita soon busied herself in preparing the evening meal for her husband, and an hour later the little village was buried in repose and silence, save for the snarling of the dogs, quarreling over the remnants of the supper.

But Grey Eagle was sleepless. He lay wrapped in his blanket, and his mind was filled with his thoughts of Waunita and his hated rival.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Written expressly for the Blade.

THE

DAUGHTER OF THE SUN;

A Tale of the Mexican Border.

BY COL. S. K. LISPENARD.

CHAPTER XIX.

When Santerra angrily left the hacienda, followed by his force of vaqueros, he had no well-defined plan of action. He was filled with a wild, unreasoning rage against Norton, who had so coolly braved him. He cursed bitterly his "luck," for he recognized that even should he tell the story of Nina's birth, he could in no wise injure Norton.

"If I had but the girl in my possession, I would bring the Gringo to his senses!" muttered he to himself.

With that suggestion in his evil brain, he was not long in sketching a plan of action. He would take his men and join in the search. If the girl should fall into his own hands, he would force her to wed him, and then, as her husband, compel Norton to place in his hands her fortune.

Nay, still more! And his evil eyes lighted up with a sinister glare as the thought crossed his mind that it would save trouble, and double the girl's fortune, if Norton were to meet his death mysteriously while out riding over the cattle-range!

And he proceeded to quickly map out the way in which this could be done. First, however, he must gain possession of Nina somehow—it did not matter much how. Even by force, if it should prove that she had already been found by the searching party under our three friends.

"And if they give trouble—they shall also go before, and Don Jose can follow them speedily!" he chuckled to himself.

Just before reaching Apizaco, however, he met one of his own servants on horseback.

"I have a message for you, Don Diego," replied the man in answer to Santerra's question as to his business, handing him a note at the same time.

Santerra opened it. It was very brief:

"I await your coming at your home.

"SANTIAGO DE VARGAS."

"My uncle! What can he want of me?" ejaculated Santerra.

This visit, however, changed his plans for the moment. Just before reaching Apizaco he turned off the road, taking the trail which led to his own hacienda, instead of going toward the old silver mines to pursue the search for Nina.

Riding rapidly, it was but a few minutes until he and his band were at his destination. Dismounting, Santerra went at once to his own room.

As he entered the door a Mexican rose slowly and painfully to greet him.

"Diego, where is Jeronimo?" were the old man's first words, disregarding Santerra's greeting.

"Jeronimo! The saints rest his soul!" returned Santerra promptly. "He is dead—killed by the Apaches!"

"Killed by the Apaches? How know you this?" returned the old man, a look of astonishment, mixed with suspicion, crossing his face.

Santerra pondered a moment. Then he told the old man the story of the Apache raid in the valley of the Rio Salitero, and the death of Jeronimo by the arrow of the pursuers.

The old man received the story with evidences of strong agitation and grief. After he had obtained a knowledge of all the details he placed his hand on Santerra's shoulder and said:

"This dog of a Norton—the accursed Gringo who robbed me of the light of my life, my little Mercedes—may the curse of a father rest on his head! Take me to him, that I may curse him to his face before I die!"

Santerra thought rapidly. How much should he tell his old uncle, Don Santiago de Vargas, the father-in-law of Norton, the old Mexican trader of Red Dog, whose daughter, the black-eyed Mercedes, he had married? The old man hated Norton with a hate that seemingly had increased with the years that had elapsed since the night his daughter clandestinely left his home to join her American lover. How could he best avail himself of that hatred to further his own schemes against Norton's fortune and for the capture of Nina?

Norton had never dreamed that Santerra, his neighbor, was a relative of his wife's—a cousin, in fact; for Don Santiago de Vargas had wedded a sister of Santerra's father, who was dead before Norton had come to Sonora.

Nor had Santerra himself known it for many months. One night old Jeronimo had presented himself at the hacienda and made himself known as the servant of de Vargas to Santerra. The latter did not know his errand at that time, but supposed that the old man's questioning concerning the neighbors, and especially Norton, was but the garrulity of old age, excited by the changes which had taken place during the years he had been absent from the vicinity of Apizaco.

A desultory correspondence had sprung up between Santerra and his uncle, in the course of which the latter had confided to him his enmity to Norton, and its reason.

This set the scheming brain of Santerra to work. He did not, at that time, know that Nina was not Norton's daughter, but supposed her to be the child of his cousin Mercedes. She was growing up a most beautiful girl, and he speedily decided that he must marry her, and thus obtain Norton's wealth, and also become his uncle's heir—for the old man was supposed to be wealthy.

His own reputation as a gambler, a spendthrift, and a roue, was well known, and he found that, although Norton was always courteous and friendly whenever he called, he never became cordial, and never returned his visits. He met Nina on the occasions that he visited the hacienda, but always in the presence of her father. There was an intangible obstruction to all his advances, and he felt that he was obnoxious to Norton, in spite of the latter's courteous behavior, to which no open exception could be made. And he felt, too, that this was on account of his character. He fumed and fretted, and it ended in a decided feeling of enmity towards Norton, and a fierce determination to win Nina, if it could be done.

To further this end, in his letters he sympathized most energetically with his uncle in his enmity against Norton, and spoke of the cruelty of fate which would give the old Mexican's estate to the daughter of his hated son-in-law. This letter, which abounded in details concerning Nina, had been the first intimation to De Vargas that Norton was passing Nina off as his own daughter, and he jumped at the conclusion that Norton was scheming to possess his wealth by palming off Nina as the heir of her pretended mother, his daughter Mercedes.

Don Santiago de Vargas had long ago abandoned Red Dog, and after a somewhat migratory life, was now pursuing his old occupation of a trader in a town in Southern Arizona. The news that was contained in Santerra's letter rendered him so furious that he bundled together all the documentary evidence of Nina's parentage, including her childish photograph, which he intrusted to old Jeronimo. The reader already knows the fate of the latter.

Santerra, from the packet which he took from Jeronimo's dead body, first learned the real parentage of Nina. He felt a glow of triumph, for he thought this knowledge gave him a hold on Norton that would compel the latter to yield to his wishes; but in this, as has already been seen, he was disappointed.

De Vargas stood waiting Santerra's reply. The latter canvassed the situation mentally for a moment. There was nothing to lose by telling the whole story to his uncle, he determined. So seating the old man he took a chair by his side and related the capture of Nina by the Indians (suppressing his attempted abduction of her,) and detailed the present status of things, closing by urging his own great love for the girl, declaring that Norton bitterly opposed him, and begging for his uncle's counsel in the matter.

"Take the girl by all means!" shouted the old man, his eyes flashing fire. "Tear her from him, and marry her! Let me accompany you on your expedition! I am old, and have not long to live; but I must meet Norton, and one of us shall die before we part!"

The result was, that within ten minutes the party galloped away, on the road to the silver mines, with Santerra and De Vargas riding at its head.

Santerra pushed on rapidly, in order that he might anticipate the arrival of Norton. This he could not have done, however, had not the latter, under the lead of one of the vaqueros, who misunderstood his instructions, led the party by a route that took them to the silver workings at the southern end, being thus some three miles away from the old smelting works which had been the point of rendezvous. This involved a detour of several miles, and thus Santerra was enabled to made good the time he had lost by his going to his home to meet de Vargas.

CHAPTER XX.

The supreme hour had come to Nina. The terrible shock of the revelation made by Paquita had completely overcome the gentle girl, as was but natural; but the interview with Dudley had revived hope in her bosom. So when the Indians came to conduct her to the scene of the sacrifice, she summoned her womanly fortitude to her aid, and calmly awaited events, in the firm hope that Dudley would be at hand to rescue her from the horrible fate that menaced her.

Paquita, however, was completely broken down from fear that the change in the plans of the Indians would defeat the rescue for which she had risked so much. The sight of the pale, beautiful Nina, the helpless victim of the bloody religion of the Aztecs, wakened all that was womanly in her nature, and she repented bitterly that she had not allowed Dudley to bring his men at once to the spot and attempt the rescue of Nina, even in the depths of the mines.

The preparations were few. Nina, as she rose from the rude couch upon the rocky floor, wrapped around her the blanket that she had retained since her ride behind the old medicine man the night before. Two Indians guarded her, one on each side, and they took up the line of march for the outer air, Paquita following Nina closely, a flash in her eyes that indicated a new-born purpose.

Reaching the open air, it was seen that night had fallen. The stars gleamed brilliantly in the sky, and the gentle breeze, odorous of the mountain forests, fanned the brow of Nina with gentle touch. She walked on as one in a horrid dream, from which she was striving to awaken.

Paquita still followed close behind her, a blanket also wrapped around her, which she held in place with her left hand. Her right hand was hidden in her bosom. Had any one suddenly stripped the blanket from her shoulders, he would have seen a small dagger resting in the bodice of her dress, the hilt held with a firm grasp.

Her feeling of pity for Nina, of desperation for the awful fate to which she was doomed, had led to a sudden resolution on her part. She would keep close to the hapless girl, and when all hope of rescue was lost, when they stood amid the ruins of the temple before the sacrificial stone, when rude hands hands were about to disrobe the victim, she would strike a sure, swift blow, and save poor Nina from the shame of going naked to a more terrible death.

"When the blanket falls from her shoulders," thought she, "I can strike a fatal blow—and then one more in my own bosom, to release me from vengeance!"

On went the party in dead silence, until the front of the huge ruin loomed up before them. Pacheco stepped to Paquita's side and said in the Indian tongue:

"You cannot enter. The blood of the Spaniard is in your veins. Remain without until we return."

"Not so, Pacheco!" returned the sanguious girl. "Have not I been faithful? When did Paquita fail to keep her word to her own people? When did she betray a trust confided to her by any of you? My only friends are among my people, and I wish to worship with them! Let me go with you, I beg!"

Old Pacheco hesitated. Then he turned and held a whispered consultation with the other Indians of the party. After a few minutes he returned to Paquita.

"Well?" she queried, anxiously.

"Can you be brave, be firm, be bold, when in the presence of the great war-god of the Aztecs?" asked he, in solemn tones.

"Brave? Am not I a daughter of the Aztec race? I will be as firm as even yourself!"

"Then come; but disturb not the solemn rites by word or motion!"

Bowing her head in token of submission, Paquita resumed her position immediately behind Nina.

A minute or two passed. There was no light, save that which came from the stars, and that was very small in the shadow of the hoary walls of the old ruin.

A wavering light was now seen on the inside through the portal, and, obedient to the word of command, the party moved onward, through the high open doorway, accoss the rough interior, toward the opposite end of the great quadrangle. There was no roof, of course. While the side walls had lost more than half their height, from the falling of the walls, the great stones of which strewed the interior, the two ends still towered to nearly their original height, as though bidding defiance to time and decay.

The party went onward until they neared the opposite end of the area. They halted before a huge block of stone, so cyclopean in size that it seemed almost impossible that it had ever been placed there by human hands, but rather that the temple had been erected around the sacrificial stone, long after it had been dedicated to the bloody rites of Quetzalcoatl.

Dim forms moved about in the darkness. There was a suppressed murmur of voices all about them. Paquita strained her ears to listen for the welcome sound of the horses of Dudley's force, but all was silent save the light murmur of Indian voices.

A brief command was given and the single torch which was carried by an Indian was applied to a great heap of wood near the center of the temple. The flames rose rapidly, and lighted up the wild scene around them, gleaming on the faces of the expectant worshipers, some forty or fifty in number.

Suddenly a figure sprang upon the great altar from the opposite side. It was an old withered Indian, almost entirely naked, with his hair fantastically ornamented with bright parrots' feathers. In his hand he brandished a long, keen knife, newly sharpened for the night's terrible deed. Standing erect he began a wild, monotonous chant, in the native tongue, alternately turning to the eastward to invoke the god, and then toward the group gathered about Nina.

Suddenly Pacheco threw off his outer garments and stood in the same garb, or rather absence of it, as the priest. Approaching Nina, he tore the blanket from her shrinking form, and grasped her by the right arm. Another half naked Indian grasped her other arm.

Paquita's grasp tightened on her dagger's hilt. She flung her blanket from her shoulders.

As she did so, the earth reeled beneath her feet and she came near falling. A yell of affright came from the Indians. The wild figure of the priest stood for an instant, the savage chant stopped midway.

It was an earthquake!

A second shock instantly followed. The towering east wall, that frowned above the wild worshipers, yawned in a dozen places and fell inward, with a crash like thunder!

Half the circle of worshipers were overwhelmed in the tons of falling stone. A huge block that had nodded on the highest pinnacle of the ruined wall, came crashing down upon the altar of sacrifice, and the old priest was crushed to a shapeless mass of bloody flesh before the astonished group about Nina.

Wild with terror, stunned by the fall of the wall, nearly choked and blinded with the dust, the Indians yet remaining sought safety in flight without the structure.

"The god is angry! Quetzalcoatl refuses the sacrifice!" shrieked Paquita, grasping Nina's arm, and dragging her away.

In a moment more they were in safety beyond the entrance, the western wall yet standing, though huge cracks were visible in it as Paquita turned to look. The brilliant light from the blazing bonfire shone through the crevices, showing that it was ready also to fall.

One hasty glance was enough. Paquita again seized Nina, and spoke in her ear:

"For the love of God, Senorita, fly for your life! Quick! Come with me!"

Just then came the rushing tread of horses' feet, and in an instant a band of horsemen rode into the open space.

Dudley, Dick and Fritz were ahead. The eyes of love are sharp. Dudley recognized Nina, and throwing himself from his horse, clasped her in his arms.

"God be thanked! Nina, my love, my life, look up!"

But Nina had fainted. The strain on her had been too great, and she had become unconscious.

A warning shout came from behind them, and the band headed by Don Jose and Norton swept headlong into the area before the old temple, fighting furiously with Santerra's men.

Santerra and de Vargas had come upon the rendezvous up the trail just after Norton and his men reached the spot by one of the old mining trails. How the fight began no one knew. But Norton had been told the awful danger of Nina by the Mexican whom Dudley had left for that purpose.

Without waiting for the quarrel which had begun, Don Jose, frantic with anxiety for Nina, had shouted a command to follow, and dashed off in the direction of the old mine. So furious was that gallop that the tremors of the earthquake were unheeded. Santerra and his band deemed that the others were in retreat, and pursued as furiously.

Just as they swept into the open space there came a third and still more severe shock. The west wall of the old temple went down in wild ruin before there astonished eyes. Everybody halted in wonder.

"My daughter!" shouted Norton, also springing from his horse, and rushing up to Dudley, who held her insensible form clasped in his arms.

"Safe! safe!" said Dudley. "She has only fainted from excitement."

The fall of the wall allowed the bonfire within, which now was fully ignited, and sent a column of fire many feet into the air, to illuminate the scene, making it almost as light as day.

Santerra, by its ruddy light, saw the group. He dashed forward, followed by de Vargas.

The confusion was inextricable. Horses were rearing and plunging, frightened by the earthquake shock. Some of the more superstitious Mexicans called loudly upon all the saints in the calendar for aid.

Santerra attempted to ride into the group with the wild design of seizing Nina from the arms of Dudley and carrying her off.

But Dick was too quick for him. A flash, a report, and Santerra fell headlong, pier

Poetry.

A REPUBLICAN GIRL'S DREAM.

BY RAY BLACK.

I had a curious dream last night—
I thought I was in Heaven—
And many women there I saw
With one man to their seven.

A band of men outside the gate
Were waiting till the Lord could tell,
If here on earth for their good deeds
They should now enter Heaven or ——.

At last, this plan was deemed the best:
The ones outside should vote on this;
The ballot-box's ould tell them all
If those outside should enter bliss.

The men without cried in great glee,
"Each woman surely wants a man!
There's not enough in there for each,
And live without us they ne'er can."

But soon in their expectant ears
These words rang like a funeral knell:
"There's seven says to every yes,
There, Peter, show them down to ——."

They cried aloud in great dismay,
And begged the cause of this to tell.
The wonder cried, "Of all our woes.
Up here we'll give you men a spell.

"You voted Democratic straight,
Our vote was nothing there below,
And so we think it only just
This favor on you to bestow.

"The only makes things even—see?"
'Twas thus he foremost angel spoke;
What more she said I cannot tell,
For then the dream the dream awoke,
Mason City, Ill.

LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

BY PETRESIA PETERS.

"Ah! these odors, rapture-freighted
Float from censer, angel-swung,
Fine the gods have nectar-salted,
On the air a bounty flung.

Nay, from flowers in the grass,
Hushed beneath your careless tread,
Pleasures near you often pass,
Reaching for the stars o'erhead.
Sweet lilies of the valley,
Pearly, waxen lily bells!
Glad the tale your coming tells,
Silkiest time of all the year,
Blooming, full-leaved spring is here,
With lilies of the valley.

Shining like the precious gem
Divers bring from ocean's floor;
God, in blessing, scattered them,
Blooming by the humblest door,
Springing in some lonely nook,
Peeping by a mouldering wall,
Nodding to bob-lings brook—
Purest, sweetest flowers of all
Are lilies-of-the-valley.

Roses fade and fall apart,
Lose their beauty with their bloom,
Clinging, like a loving heart,
Lilies give their rich perfume;
Queen of every tall vased pound,
Blooms among the asphodels,
But of all that lauded crowd,
None can charm like lily bells,
Pale lilies-of-the-valley.

Hidden from life's cares and frets
Is the loved, embowered spot,
Sacred to my floral pets,
Jasmine and forget-me-nots;
Soft and sweet as love-wrought dream
Fragrance floats from Violet,
Sweeter still, with dew agleam,
Pinky Rose, so purely set,
Are lilies-of-the-valley.

Pansy bright, with dreamy eyes,
Seems against with mystic lore,
Speaks of hope, when e'er one sighs,
Yet I love the lilies more;
Stem rises sweet I'll never forget,
With their tender thrills of bliss,
Hyacinth's sprightlier,
Yet a charm supreme to this,
Have lilies-of-the-valley.

They will breathe the tender thought,
Timid friendship would reveal,
But with Love's sweet message fraught,
Hail their charm is to conceal;
Rose-bud to lily tells the tale
Cupid sent him to confess—
With the sweets that they exhale,
Lilies whisper, "You may guess."

O lilies of the valley,
Pearly, waxen lily bells!
Glad the tale your coming tells;
Silkiest time of all the year,
Blooming, full-leaved spring is here,
With lilies of the valley.

Wauseon, O.

Humor.

ON THE ROAD.

The Social Attentions Paid to Brown, Cusby & Lang, in Toledo—The Spell of a Great Name.

The Judge.

The experiences of Messrs. Brown, Cusby and Lang, in Toledo, I think, worthy of record. Cusby and I had been in favor of stopping at the Chalkup house, but Brown had objected on the ground that a few years back he had been unable to agree with the clerk as to dating his hotel bill ahead, and so had been compelled to submit to the inconvenience of departing by the fire escape.

"You see boys," he went on, "I cannot possibly go there again for the debt is not yet outlawed, and the uncommon name of Brown will give me dead away directly it appears on the register."

"If you register some other fellow's name, you will have no trouble," I suggested. "Why not write yourself down George Washington Childs, of Philadelphia? That's a good name."

"Who the deuce is he?" they both asked.

I told them all I knew of the great obituary poet—which wasn't much—and half an hour later Mr. Joshua Brown placed the honored name of the Philadelphia *Ledger* man on record as his own.

The next morning Brown found in his mail a dainty note, whereby he was informed that a certain Mrs. Graves had learned with pleasure through the newspaper reports of distinguished arrivals, that Mr. C. was in the city, and begged that gentleman to honor her presence that evening to meet a few of his most ardent admirers.

"Boys, I'll be blessed if G. W. C. don't accept this invite," he said, as he handed the note over to Gus and me, "and you fellows must go, too. I'll introduce you as friends, see? We leave for Detroit at 1 in the morning anyhow, and if things go wrong we won't be here to-morrow to stand the racket."

Accordingly at a proper hour, correctly arrayed in evening dress, which we had rented, we repaired to Mrs. Graves' elegant house, where we received, Cusby and I cordially, Brown deferentially. Josh presented us to the lady—Cusby as a noted medical scientist, and myself as a distinguished connoisseur in modern art. By Mrs. Graves we were then introduced to the ardent admirers aforesaid, ladies and gentlemen to the number of twenty, perhaps.

Josh was immediately appropriated by our hostess and carried away to a secluded corner. Gus was cornered by a lanky gentleman, sallow and sixty, who proved to be one of those cranks who think and talk of their own bodily ills and the cures therefor, and subsist on pills and powders.

In the intervals of the spirited conversation maintained between myself and a loquacious lady, I caught a little of what Gus was saying. The sallow man asked Dr. Augustus Cusby to diagnose his case. I gathered, and desired him to prescribe for his ills. This Gus was doing—first relieving his man of a ten dollar note by way of fee. The lady who had me in charge was questioning me persistently and particularly about the great obituary poet the while.

"Oh yes, I have been to his house very often," I said confidently, in answer to a question. "A very delightful place, situated in the heart of the city. The house is very large and is surrounded by more than 60 acres of woodland. A tributary branch of the Harlem flows through his back yard, and Greenwood cemetery can be plainly seen from his front piazza. Yes, he has quite a family, seventeen children, all under twelve years of age, and one wife. He employs 34 servants, six of whom are nurses of the damp variety. He tells me that women employed in that capacity are, as a rule, more satisfactory than men. His wife, too, is of the former sex. Yes, he is proficient in many languages, in some more than others but he can play a good game of draw poker in all of them."

I don't know what further statements I should have made under pressure had our conversation been continued but we were interrupted by the call to supper.

We three at any rate were very hungry, and the supper was very good. The champagne had been excellently iced and those who like it. Brown, I think, appreciated its quality and absorbed an elegant proficiency, for when he was presently importuned to recite one of his own (Mr. Child's) poems, he did not excuse himself, as he ought in all reason and common sense to have done, but arose rather unsteadily to his feet and delivered himself as follows:

"Mrs. Graves, ladies and gentlemen, I can call to mind nothing of my own suited to this joyous occasion, and so with your gracious permission, will improvise something really light and cheerful."

All present having rapturously permitted, our talented associate gave us the following lines, which I have every reason to believe was composed then and there:

"Restrain, thou, fell, the snatcher.
Who would stiffs most vilely steal.
In vain may Gabriel's trumpet call
From basement and pall
Our flesh.
If, in the burker's mesh
A rubber sack, our substance then be held
For surgeons' knife,
Wielded by one in black
And gory probe, to carve and hack
The casket of the soul,
From it- last resting place
Snatched by bribed ghoul—"

"Hello, Brown," exclaimed a badly-corned individual, staggering in, as he spoke, "what are you doing in my house, and what are you spouting?"

Josh did not turn, nor did he hesitate, but continued his cheerful recitation.

"The owl whose toot so well attunes
To vouching of the wind
Makes music sweetly said—"

"I say, Brown, you jolly old coffin-peddler," interrupted the drunk, staggering up to Josh, and taking him by the arm, "what's all this about palls and stiffs? You ought not talk shop here."

"Madame," said Brown sadly but firmly, turning to Mrs. Graves who was wrathfully glaring at the newcomer, "I have never met this man who has so rudely interrupted me; but if he is a friend of yours, I would suggest that Mr. Lang and Dr. Cusby would willingly apply the usual restoratives, and put the inebriated gentleman to bed."

"What's that," howled the intruder, "put me to bed—"

"John Graves, I am ashamed of you! Be quiet, and you gentlemen," said our hostess to Gus and me, "will oblige me greatly by acting as Mr. Childs has suggested."

Did we act? Well I should gurgle. In vain did he imprecate the aggrieved Mr. Childs and declare in a mighty voice that as plain Josh Brown he had sold the undertaking firm of Tomb & Graves a big bill that afternoon. We waltzed him out of the room, and yanked him up the stairs. He bit and kicked in the lower hall, and quoted scripture on the way up, but when we got him into the bathroom and held his bald head under the sprinkler for five minutes, his tune turned to a howl for mercy. But we held him there until he swore a solemn oath by all an undertaker considers holy, that he would go quietly to bed and rise no more that night, under the penalty of still more generous hydropathic treatment.

For obvious reasons we departed from that house with the greatest alacrity consistent with our borrowed dignity and importance, and let me add, too, that we took mighty good care not to miss our train that night.

The Repeated Sermon.

Christian Advocate.

At one time, when the writer was pastor of the Summerfield church, the Rev. Heman Baugs was the presiding elder. His appointment to preach was for Easter Sunday. He came and preached an admirable and appropriate discourse on the resurrection of Christ. At the close Mrs. Anna Knapp, a widow of fourscore years and daughter of the Rev. Smith Arnold, one of the pioneers, came to the altar, and in the hearing of the writer thus addressed "Uncle Heman," as the venerable preacher was affectionately called by those who had known him long: "Brother Bangs, I enjoyed your sermon very much. I heard you preach it 40 years ago. I liked it then. I heard you preach it again about 28 years ago, and it was good then, and to-day it was as good as ever." Uncle Heman, with that look which those who saw it will never forget—of mingled good humor and a quizzical spirit—replied: "Well, Sister Knapp, has there been any change in the facts about the resurrection of our Lord in the last 40 years? If it was good the first time you heard it, why should it not be just as good now?" Said the old lady: "Well, Brother Bangs, we shall soon be where you won't have to make an argument to prove it, as you did to-day." Neither their piety nor their infirmity of old age had dulled their wits.

Bravery and Strength.

Our next door neighbor has a little boy, Ferdinand, who is somewhat nervous and timid—so much so as even to draw upon him an occasional gentle reproof from his gentle mother. The other evening he went to church and listened with much interest to the minister's prayer that "we might be made brave and strong." The next morning Ferdinand walked into the breakfast room with his head thrown back and his hands thrust into his pockets, and, planting himself before his mother, said:

"Ma, I've been thinking about what the minister prayed for yesterday, and now I feel a great deal stronger and braver, and I think I'll try to punch Teddy Short's head to-day."

The "Enfant Terrible."

How innocently unfortunate is the utter frankness of childhood. Young Orotund Delsarte, the dramatic reader, was taking tea, on invitation, with the family, and in the evening favored the guests with a few of his most startling recitations. He was approached by the midget of the family, a fairy in looks, but with an early development of speech.

"Now I know why you talk so loud when you speak pieces," she said to him.

"And why, my dear?" with a little patronizing stroke of the golden hair.

"'Cause you're a Bellowcutionist; ma said so."

That child will be put to bed early after this.

A Barmecide Feast.

He placed a soggy baked potato back in the dish, turned a dyspeptic cut of underdone veal disparagingly with his knife, shivered dismally over a cup of cold, muddy coffee, and then remarked:

"Do you know what I would do, my dear, if I had an enemy upon whom I wished to inflict a dreadful and an irreparable injury?"

"Goodness, no," his wife exclaimed. "What would you do?"

"I would invite him here to dinner."

Mrs. Noah's Opinion.

"And what does this Mr. Lively do for a livin'?" asked the old lady.

"He's a newspaper man."

"A what?"

"A newspaper man Goes around and finds out what's going on in the world, writes it down, and sends it to the newspaper."

"Sakes alive! I should think a great, big, strong fellow like him might be in better business. A carpenter, or blacksmith, or somethin' of that sort.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

Light Thoughts in Pansies.

On one birthday card a pair of pansies are promenading, and under them is written:

Youthful hearts are light and gay,
Youthful feet are agile;
Let us trip it while we may.
Youthful hearts are fragile.

Which is the poetical version of the less elegant exhortation to "Go it while you're young, for when you're old you can't."

"Luff, you Lubber!"

"And so you like the yarns we sea-dogs spin?" asked the gallant young mariner.

"I dote on them!" the young lady passionately responded.

"And what shall I tell you of the doings of us salts?" he tenderly asked.

"O, tell me how you luff!" she innocently answered.

Delicate Diseases

of either sex, however induced, promptly, thoroughly and permanently cured. Send three letter stamps for large illustrated treatise. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Miscellany.

THE UNFORTUNATE RESULT OF TOO MUCH METHOD.

How a Man of Method Had His Happiness Ruined for a Year.

Mr. Seth Tomlinson was probably the most methodical man in the world. He lived by rules from which he never departed by so much as a hair's breadth, and he had a supreme contempt for everybody who did not do exactly as he did. He rode and was ridden by maxims, and his life was governed by Poor Richard and Sancho Panza.

Mr. Tomlinson was engaged to be married to Miss Melinda Picker, a young lady who boarded in the same house with him on Huron street. It was a match of pure affection, Miss Picker being a music teacher, and Mr. Tomlinson a lawyer's clerk, of limited income. They had been engaged several years, and were only waiting for the death of a maiden aunt of Mr. Tomlinson, to give them means on which to live with some degree of comfort. Mr. Tomlinson would not marry till he could provide a proper home for his wife and assure her someting of a support in the event of his death, which was commendable.

About a year ago, they were walking down Summit street, when Miss Picker observed in a shop window a scarf of a peculiarly delightful scarlet, and she sighed as she saw it. She desired that scarf, but unfortunately so straitened was she for means that it was as much out of her reach as though it had been a camel's-hair shawl. Mr. Tomlinson came promptly to the rescue.

"Melinda," said he, "I shall draw my monthly salary next Saturday, and you shall have the scarf. Be comforted."

The next Saturday, on his way up town, he stepped into the store and purchased the scarf. It made a small flat package, and Mr. Tomlinson's rule was to put small flat packages in the inside breast pocket of his coat. He had noticed in his early youth that men of no method drop such packages carelessly in their outside overcoat pockets, and he had noticed also with what ease such packages were abstracted. "Safe bind, safe find" was one of his favorite maxims.

But while he had the package in his hand a friend came up and engaged him in conversation for a minute. This friend had just returned from Dedham, Mass., where his aunt resided, and told him that the old lady's cough was much worse, and imparted other information of like cheering nature, which completely engrossed the attention of Mr. Tomlinson, and they walked out of the place, Mr. T. in deep thought.

When he arrived at his humble lodgings he sought out the object of his adoration.

"Melinda," said he, "I have that scarf. I am a man of method—when I promise I fulfill."

Then he turned pale. His hand went to the regular pocket, but the small flat package was not there.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed, "I have lost it!"

"Lost it!" sighed Melinda, "I hope not. Isn't it in some other pocket?"

"Melinda," he replied reproachfully, "I never put such packages in other pockets."

Now, this would have made no difference in the fate of these interesting people, had it not been for an unfortunate coincidence. Miss Lulu Bradman, a young and interesting teacher, who had sighed in vain for Mr. Tomlinson, appeared at table in the morning, resplendent in a scarlet scarf! Melinda saw it, and left the table promptly without finishing her breakfast. After Mr. Tomlinson had finished his repast he sought her out and demanded the reason for her sudden and abrupt departure.

"My reason? How dare you ask me! You come to me with a story of losing the scarf. Where did that impudent minx, Lulu, get the scarf she has on this minute! Oh, Seth! to deceive me in this way."

In vain did the unfortunate young man protest that he had actually lost the scarf, and in vain did Miss Lulu insist that she had bought her scarf with her own money, and that Mr. Tomlinson had not given it to her, and in vain did Mr. Tomlinson show by a statement from the salesman that he had bought one, and Miss Lulu by a statement from her salesman that she had bought the one she wore. Miss Melinda would not be convinced. She informed Mr. Tomlinson that while she should always be his friend, she would never marry him. Deceit she never could abide.

Nothing could induce her to change her mind. She believed she had been trifled with, and that a gift promised her had been given to another, and she would have nothing to do with him more than to treat him kindly, though she still performed the usual little feminine kindnesses for him that are so grateful to bachelors, such as sewing to his buttons, and the care of his other clothing.

Last Thursday, Mr. Tomlinson found his heavy ulster unseasonable, and he went to his room and took down the spring overcoat of the last season. It wanted a button or two, and the binding around the outside pockets were somewhat frayed.

"Melinda," he said somewhat bitterly, "I suppose you won't sew on these missing buttons?"

"Certainly I will, Seth. I shall always be your friend, and how can I be your friend and see you go with missing buttons?"

She took the coat and sewed on the buttons and turned her deft needle to the binding about the pockets. To get at it properly it was necessary to turn one of them inside out. A small flat package fell to the floor. She picked it up and opened it, and with a shriek of joy flung her arms about his neck.

It was the scarlet scarf. So absorbed was he when he held it in his hand in the store with the thrilling intelligence of his aunt's cough, that in a fit of absent-mindedness he had unconsciously dropped it into the outside pocket of his overcoat.

"Oh, Seth!" exclaimed Melinda, with her eyes full of tears, "how much of suffering you would have saved had you only done as I desired, and gone through your other pockets!"

"Melinda," was the reply of the excellent young man, "from this day out I shall never trust to method. The most methodical may be mistaken. Thank Heaven, the scarf is found!"

And to prevent any more misunderstandings they were married the next day, without waiting for the death of the aunt. It is proper to state, however, that she did die a few days after, and the young couple are comparatively happy.

Arbor Day.

Arbor Day is a great day in all of the prairie states of the West. It is a holiday which is given up alone to this purpose. The legislatures of the various Western states have through various laws offered special inducements for such planting. Prizes are given to those who plant the greatest number. In some of the states a citizen can acquire land through his planting so many trees each year for a prescribed period. The result of the establishment of this custom is very wonderful. Millions of trees have been planted since the beginning of Arbor Day. Such planting is gradually transforming the character of the Western country. They have much more rain now than formerly. They have fewer violent wind-storms. The originator of Arbor Day is the Hon. J. Sterling Morton, who owns a beautiful country place near Nebraska City.

Mr. Morton is one of the most original men in the West. Arbor Day was suggested to him by the fact that we have so many holidays which result in no practical benefit. He began tree-planting upon his own place when Nebraska was a territory, and it was through his investigations in this direction that he finally conceived the idea of Arbor Day. He was one of the first men in Nebraska to plant fruit trees. His neighbors all laughed at him, saying that fruit trees could not live upon the cold and bleak prairies. He Mr. Morton has lived to see hundreds of acres of all kinds of fine Northern fruits growing in great luxuriance and plenty about his beautiful country place. This place is named Arbor Lodge. The custom which he began at his own place gradually extended throughout the state, through his earnest and eloquent advocacy. He persuaded the legislature to offer inducements for tree-planting. Probably no one thing has more conspired to secure the prosperity of Nebraska than this now universal custom of tree-planting. The day has been taken up by other Western states and is now one of the great holidays of the West.

Try the Calculation.

The following will prove a very interesting combination of figures: Put down the day of the month on which you were born; double it; add seven; multiply by 50; add your age; substract 365; multiply by 100; add the number of the month in which you were born, (calling January one, February two, March three, and so on), add 1,500. The first two figures of the result will give you the day of the month of your birth, the next two your age, and the last two the number of the month in which you were born.

WHY THEY DO NOT MARRY.

A Young Woman Explains a Social Problem—The Males Deteriorating.

At a small party of workers and thinkers a few nights ago, says a letter writer in this city, I was in a group that discussed the distaste for marriage which characterizes the girlhood of the day. One young lady had fortified herself with a newspaper clipping on the subject, which she drew from her pocket and read, as further substantiating her position. It was to the effect that husband-hunting maidens, young or old, were very much scarcer than of yore; that instead of being anxious to marry, girls were slow of indictment in that direction.

"It is true," said the young lady. "I scarcely know a girl who wants to marry. They are learning something in the way of a profession, something that will interest them as well as support them, two roles in which husbands have not now fail. The truth is, we are fast learned away from any desire to marry by seeing how wretched those who do marry are. Where would we look for husbands? Among the 'snips' and 'sports' and characterless young men that fill our drawing-rooms? They are insufferable as mere acquaintances or beaux; who could contemplate them as husbands? I have always thought that if I could find a young man at all like my father I could love him and marry him; but that school of men has vanished from the younger ranks."

Nobody doubts that she expressed the convictions of a large representation of young women. Their lack of interest in marriage is not due to the larger activities which continally open before women, but to the unattractive, unreliable material in the way of husbands. Women are women, and would love and marry as readily to day as when the earth was new, if they came in contact with men who aroused their respect and admiration. The order of maidenhood that could content itself with an inferior article of husband, merely for the sake of being married, has also vanished. The young woman of the period has too much character and self-respect to dread being an old maid so much as that she would contract an uncongenial union to escape it.

The same evening I had a chat with my bright young hostess about inefficient men, a sort of annex to the conversation just recorded. She wondered what would become of the human race if the men kept on deteriorating at the rate of the last twenty years. She declared it was almost exceptional for the young men of first class society to support their wives. They married into rich families, and at the end of two or three years were pensioners on the relations of their wives. "It is astonishing," she said, "how few young women who are supposed to be rich really depend upon their husbands for luxuries or even support. Their fathers or grandfathers furnish the money that supplies their homes oftener than the outside world knows of. Indeed, the daughter of the rich man is more to be pitied than the girl who fights poverty. She sees fewer real men. Naturally she fancies that her ideal men must be somewhere, since they are not within her own circle, and she looks for them in extraordinary shoes—the box of her father's coach and on huckster's wagons, or on the stage. Anything in the nature of efficiency attracts her, because she is sick of inefficiency. The man who can drive a coach may be very unsteady in his grammar, but his mastery of the horse appeals more to her imagination than the fine phrases of an inefficient dude. It indicates a certain degree of force and strength, and all women like that in men."

"Do you think the class of inefficient men are really increasing?" I asked.

"Alarmingly, and in all ranks of society, but most among the rich. I scarcely know a married woman intimately who feels secure, who has confidence in her husband's energy, ability, and efficiency. Look at the number of married women engaged in some kind of business! It all means something. I don't know what, but certainly it is the reverse of promising for the future greatness of man."

HAVE WE A TITLED CLASS?

A Fact that Is Not Generally Known Regarding Titled Americans.

An acute Washington lawyer has made the interesting discovery that there are several thousand American citizens, not in the civil, military or naval service, who are lawfully invested with titular rank. These are officers of the late war, who, after being mustered out of the service, received brevet commissions from the President or from a governor. Commissions of this character confer honorary rank during the lifetime of the recipients, Anomalous as it may seem some of the most distinguished generals of the Union army are not entitled to such honorary rank. For example, Gen. Logan and Gen. Butler, who were full major generals, and not breveted with higher rank, ceased to be generals when they were mustered out, though the title of general is given them by courtesy; while Gen. Blank, who was mustered out as colonel and breveted a brigadier-general, has the undoubted right to sign himself as such on a hotel register or to place his rank on his card. From motives of good taste such a right is rarely exercised. All this may may be a surprise to people with orthodox notions of Republican simplicity, but, considering the fact that these titles are due to merit, or supposed to be, and are not transmissible, there does not appear to be anything in them particularly dangerous.

Seriously, it would seem that under no form of government is the conferring of distinction for meritorious services so appropriate as under a republican form of government, and it is noteworthy that the order of the Legion of Honor is still maintained in republican France.

The obvious difficulty in establishing such an order in this country is the extremely partisan character of our government. It is safe to presume that if a Legion of Honor were attempted here the most active ward politicians would receive the decorations of the highest rank while our eminent inventors, artists, litterateurs and men of science would be very apt to be altogether neglected unless they possessed "political influence."

White Mulberry Trees in Parks.

The Woman's Silk Culture association of Illinois has addressed a letter to the mayor of Chicago, urging that white mulberry trees be planted in the public grounds of the city. The tree, the communication says, grows to a great height, has handsome foliage, and the wood is capable of receiving a fine polish. As an ornamental tree it cannot be equaled. The tree is valuable for many purposes. It is sought after by cabinet-makers; it makes valuable fence-posts, and vine-stakes, and for barrel-staves it is not surpassed by the oak. In five years enough of leaves could be gathered from a good mulberry tree for silkworms to produce five pounds of cocoons.

The Girls Have a Hard Road to Travel.

"Very few know," said a young lady to the writer, "how hard it is for a girl to earn an honest living in this country. No one who has not been tried, has any idea of the temptations that beset the pathway of a young woman who is, from sheer necessity compelled to support herself. For instance, a lady of my acquaintance sells a novelty by subscription. She is young and handsome, and as her calling brings her in contact with men, she is often made to blush by the freshness of mashers, and sometimes suffers downright insult. A few days ago she called at the office of a married man to deliver an order. She had never met the fellow except when he had subscribed for the article she was selling. Before paying for his purchase he persisted in talking to the fair agent, and finally asked her to go out riding with him. She could not mistake his intentions, and haughtily refused. Finally he told her that if she wouldn't go with him for a drive he would not pay his obligation. Of course it was cowardly and despicable in the brute, but there are hundreds of men just like him, ready to take advantage of unprotected females."

Original and Otherwise.

There are 30 elephants in this country, ranging in value from $3,000 to $30,000.

Col. Ingersoll is going to lecture on blasphemy. He ought to ask his hearers for points.

Swans have been known to live to the age of 300 years. Cuvier thinks it probable that whales sometimes live 1,000 years.

A lesson in physics: Teacher—What is velocity? Pupil—Velocity is what a man puts a hot plate down with.

Ten million baseballs will be knocked to shreds by the batsmen of America this year, says an exchange, but it neglects to compute how many players will be knocked into shreds by the balls.

The hoop snake which takes its tail in its mouth and so trundles over the ground is, to say the least, regardless of dress and its appropriateness. His walking suit consists of a swallow-tail.

A Chicago barber has such a small opinion of the silver dollar that he has imbedded 400 copies of the coin in the tiled floor of his shop, on the decorations of which he has spent $8,000.

Engineering in China has achieved a notable triumph in the bridge at Lagang, over an arm of the China sea. The structure is five miles long, built entirely of stone, has 300 cubic arches, 70 feet high, the roadway is 70 feet wide, and the pillars are 75 feet apart.

The education of the people in regard to the Indian question would assist in the solution of the problem. At a recent lecture on the Indians in Boston, a listener inquired of another where the tribes under discussion lived. "In India," was the confident response.

In the Mount Shasta region, 90 miles from Fall River Valley, Cal., there is a natural ice cave, containing huge columns of ice, chambers of ice and ice hanging from the ceiling like blades of polished steel, forming a beautiful sight. The residents of the valley get their summer's supply of ice from this cave.

Dr. Holmes gives a receipt for a popular novel: "Hero—heroine—mamma—papa—uncle—sister, and so on. Love—obstacles—misery—tears—despair—glimmer of hope—unexpected solution of difficulties—happy finale. Landscape for background according to season. Plants of each month got up from botanical calendars."

Rev. Sam Jones, a Georgia evangelist, is reported to advise inquirers as follows: "Don't try to take on too much steam at first. I heard an engineer ask his fireman at the depot yesterday if he had enough steam—not to reach Chattanooga with, for the boiler couldn't have held that much—not to reach Dalton, for that much steam would have burst the boiler—but if he had steam enough to start with. Now you needn't try to put on enough steam to carry you through to heaven, but just enough to start with."

Chicago already has 718 miles of electric wire underground, and as many more will be found there within a few months if the schemes now a-foot are carried out.

In Plain Black and White.

A private letter from a Boston merchant, who has been traveling through Alabama, affords a glimpse of the workings of race discrimination on Southern railways. The gentleman writes: "At Selma, a mulatto man and two women—the women four-fifths white, the man about one-half; the man a teacher in the public schools at Huntsville, Ala.—bought first class tickets and got in the first class car, a coach attached to a freight train. In front of the coach was the caboose. All these were well dressed, the women more so than any of the white women in the car, and the man far better than any of the white men aboard. He looked and acted the gentleman, and the women the same as ladies. They took their seats, interrupting no one, and there were plenty of empty seats in the car. They had not been in long when a coarse Southerner stepped up and ordered them out, saying no niggers could ride in the car with white ladies, and enforcing his order with villainous oaths and foul language, showing that he was far beneath the negro in his behavior and talking as no gentleman would in the presence of ladies. The negro protested, but the white man was upheld by almost all in the car, composed mostly of residents of near-by little towns, and they had to go out, the conductor himself not offering to interfere. 'Served the nigger right,' was said by all in the car who lived in Alabama." The writer goes on to state that after these parties had left the car their white persecutor followed them into the caboose and began to abuse them, till the colored man drew a revolver and told him to leave or he would blow his head off. This episode is an illustration of Mr. Grady's presentation of the Southern case "In Plain Black and White."

An Idea for American Girls.

The Hindoo girls are graceful and exquisitely formed. From their earliest childhood they are accustomed to carry burdens on their heads. The water for family use is always brought by the girls in earthen jars, carefully poised in this way. The exercise is said to strengthen the muscles of the back, while the chest is thrown forward. No crooked backs are seen in Hindostan.

Dr. H. Spry says that this exercise of carrying small vessels of water on the head might be advantageously introduced into boarding schools and private families, and that it might entirely supersede the present machinery of dumb-bells, backboard, skipping ropes, etc. The young ladies ought to be taught to carry the jars as these Hindoo women do, without ever touching it with their hands.

The same practice of carrying water leads precisely to the same results in the south of Italy as in India. A Neapolitan female peasant will carry on her head a vessel full of water to the very brim, over a rough road, and not spill a drop of it, and the acquisition of this art or knack gives her the same erect and elastic gait.

The Sobbing Wren.

A stranger in the little cities of Southwestern Texas is often awakened at early dawn by the beautiful but sorrowful song of the house, or sobbing wren. If the stranger has been long away from home and friends, and is sensitive to impressions of external nature, he never forgets the peculiar, melancholy note of the tiny songster. It begins in a high, clear key, like the twinkling of silver bells, and descending gradually from one sweet chime to another still sweeter, it suddenly falters, breaks off and sobs like a child—the song dying away in a gasp. The listener is touched with sympathetic emotion, and may find it difficult to suppress the uncomfortable feeling that one of the little ones in his own family circle—far away—is weeping and sobbing for his return. The song is heard only in the twilight of dawn and is repeated but a few times. Then the handsome little singer, with plump brown breast, speckled with shreds of black, retires through some crevice in the house-top and is rarely seen during the day.

A Shocked Rooster.

A man living in Mitcheli county, N. C., has a rooster, that when a favorite hen had cared for her chicks till she thought they could scratch for themselves and sleep alone, stepped in and took her place, clucked and scratched for them by day and hovered them by night with a seemingly growing fondness, till some of the youngsters stuck their heads from under his protecting wings and waked the echoes of the morning in mimicry of their aged foster father. This was such an unlooked for episode in his heretofore even tenor of life, that he was seen to suddenly leave the warm brooding nest, and casting backward glances as though he were leaving a very awkward position, or a dangerous rival. He was never afterwards heard to cluck or seen about that "hollow stump," or known to scratch for any but himself. The following night he sought his old perch and slept alone.

—The combinations, proportion, and process in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla, are peculiar to this medicine, and are unknown to others.

The Camp Fire.

THE RETURNED MAINE BATTLE FLAGS.

BY MOSES OWEN.

Nothing but flags, but simple flags,
Tattered and torn and hanging in rags,
And we walk beneath them with careless tread,
Nor think of the hosts of the mighty dead
That have marched beneath them in days gone by,
With a burning cheek and a kindling eye,
And have bathed their folds with their young life's tide,
And dying blessed them, and blessing, died.

Nothing but flags—yet methinks at night
The tell each other their tale of right;
And dim spectres come, and their thin arms twine
'Round each standard torn—as they stand in line,
As the word is given—they charge! they form!
And the dim hall rings with the battle's storm;
And once again, through smoke and strife;
Those colors lead to a Nation's life.

Nothing but flags—yet they're bathed with tears:
They tell of triumphs—of hopes—of fears;
Of a mother's prayers—of a boy away;
Of a serpent crushed—of the coming day;
Silent they speak, and the tear will start;
As we stand beneath them with throbbing heart,
And think of those who are ne'er forgot;
Their flags come home, why come they not?

Nothing but flags—yet we hold our breath,
And gaze with awe at those types of death;
Nothing but flags—yet the thought will come,
That we should pray though the lips be dumb;
They are sacred, pure, and we see no stain
On those dear loved flags come home again;
Baptized in blood, our purest, best,
Tattered and torn, they're now at rest.

The Maine battle flags are all in glass cases in the rotunda of the state house at Augusta, Me.

Chat Around the Fire.

Charles Shecker, Co. D, 27th Iowa, Elkport, Ia.:

Does comrade J. Edmonds, Co. F, 120th Ind., intend to say that Gen. A. J. Smith is still alive and residing at St. Louis, Mo.

James M. Nance, Co. C, 3d Kansas, Mt. Vernon, Mo.:

I am one of the many that wore the blue from '61 to '65. I was a prisoner for eight months in Tyler, Tex. Was there when Lee surrendered to Gen. Grant and peace was declared. I am a daily sufferer from that prison life. I see in the BLADE of April 2, a man writing signs his name "S. P." Co. C, 2d regiment, Kansas cavalry. As I was in that company I would like it very much if he would give his full name and postoffice, as he has not given it in his letter to the CAMP FIRE. I saw a communication in the same number under the signature of T. Moulton, but gives no company or regiment, but claims to have been a soldier. I would like to know which side he was on, or what colors he fought under, as he said, short of the president or vice-president he would not hold his vote from any candidate simply on account of his being a rebel. I feel quite different. I fail to see the difference, if there is any, in voting for president or vice-president, or any other national officer. I would not vote for any man for any office if he has fought against this government. I would not vote for what is called a war Democrat, as I put them in the same pew, so far as politics is concerned. If a man has a political principle let him vote it, and not mix politics and personal preferences together, as it shows a little incompetency and a little rottenness at the heart.

R. V. P., Bryan, O.:

I was a member of Co. I, 2d Pa. cavalry. I cannot say, like some of the boys in blue, that I was in my regiment all the time, for I was not; but I was with my regiment, after I enlisted in 1864 at Todd's tavern, in the Richmond raid at Reams' station, and on the Welden raid. I wonder if any of the 5th corps boys will remember the Welden raid; how we marched through rain and cold during those December days of 1864; how we fought cavalry most slowly ahead and drove rebel pickets out of the way, while the infantry tore up the railroad; how we stopped at Bellefield station, and the wanton destruction of property on the return march.

I. R. P., Co. B, 6th Iowa, Mead, Neb.:

We got our instructions at Pittsburg Landing. Before we landed the company was complaining that they would be discharged and not get in a fight, and their friends would want to know what fights we participated in, and we would have to say that we were with Old Capt. Isaminger said, "Don't worry, boys, you will get all you want right here. I feel it in my bones." Sure enough, we got it. Went in 600 and had 66 for duty the second day. Col. J. A. McDowell commanded the brigade and Capt. Isaminger commanded the regiment, until he was killed in the first day's fight. Lieut. Freeman, of Co. B, was drunk. How I know this, I took the gentleman to the boat by order of the captain. I carried water at different times in my hat to bring him to, so he could travel. Perhaps some one will say why did he carry water in his hat and have a canteen? My canteen was shot off and my gun broken when we charged on the battery.

E. J. Hermans, Ellendale, Dakota:

Let me say that I am deeply interested in your part. I am not a soldier but a soldier's orphan. My father, C. C. Hermans, first lieutenant Co. C, 7th Pa. cavalry, was shot in the battle of Lovejoy station, August 21, 1864, and he was not shot in the back, either. In the recent Presidential campaign, during a discussion in my presence, a Republican made some allusion to the war, when a Democrat present said: "Oh! when will you get tired of bringing up that subject?" I thought, and will say to you, not till such men as I, whose fathers died at the hands of Jeff. Davis and his supporters, have passed away.

John W. Banaister, Co. G, 12th Illinois, Ordville, Cal.:

Observing in your issue of January 8, 1885, a communication signed by C. C. Gaines, Co. E, 2d, division, 16th corps, afterward 5th division, 15th corps. Allow me to state that there was no 5th division, 15th corps; furthermore, the companies are not of the division but of the regiment. The 1st brigade, 2d division, was composed of the following regiments: 52d Illinois infantry, 66th Indiana infantry, 32th Iowa infantry, 78th Iowa infantry; the 2d brigade—12th Illinois infantry, 9th Illinois infantry, 7th Illinois infantry, 81st Ohio infantry, 66th Illinois infantry; 3d brigade—57th Illinois infantry—the other regiments in this brigade are forgotten by me. Battery B, 1st Missouri artillery, was attached to the 3d brigade. With regard to the left of the 16th corps resting on the 7th corps's hospital it would have to extend itself over considerable ground, for the fact is, there was no 7th corps there. There were the 4th, 23d, 20th, 14th, 15th, 17th, and left wing of the 16th in Sherman's army. McPherson fell in the suburbs of Atlanta, before our division was ordered up to fill the gap between the 15th and 17th corps. We had been fighting on the Decatur railroad before we moved up there. We also did a little fighting to protect the waged train. I think private Gaines is mixed a little.

C. W. Kimball, Co. A, 8th Ill. Cavalry:

I am a constant reader of the BLADE and as I served four years in the army I am interested in the CAMP FIRE. I have watched to hear from Gen. Hatche's cavalry, but as none of the boys come to the front, I will blow my bugle and sound "boots and saddles," and I think that will arouse the boys and they will rally around the CAMP FIRE. Comrades, perhaps before this is in print, our old hero and noble comander will be with the many thousands of brave soldiers that have gone before him. Comrades, let us build him a monument. Every able-bodied soldier can give one dollar or more.

Leona Harter, Salamonie, Ind.:

I am the daughter of a soldier. My father was a member of Co. B, 34th Ind. infantry. He served from September 21, 1861, to February 20, 1865

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when a specially requested, will be withheld.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of gambling, the reliability of individuals, or of corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then forget to sign it. If no question answer it, and it be considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request that no answer in the "Question Bureau" appear, as it is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is for information only, and not for the settlement of bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to insist that his question, before this department passes through the hands of one man, be the best judge of what shall and what shall not be answered. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the slightest attention unless the first and third rules above are strictly complied with.

E. M. C., Fern, Neb.:

Please state what it is that England and Russia are quarreling about.

About the boundary line in Afghanistan.

The BLADE was asked a question, some time since, about the wild cockroaches of the Swiss bell ringers. A friend informs us that the old couple are in the Courtland, N. Y., poor house.

J. C., Norwalk, O.:

1. What is the population of England? 2. How many people to the acre? 3. Do the parents of children who attend the boarding schools find their board?

1. About 25,000,000. 2. 350,221. 3. Yes.

J. H. C., Bucyrus, Mo.:

1. Can a person compel any one to take payment in parts of an amount, in one cent pieces? 2. Are they not good in any state or territory in the United States?

1. Only to the amount of ten cents. 2. Yes.

E. H. V., Valley Mills, O.:

1. From what did the dollar sign originate? 2. What and where is the Devil's washtub? 3. What changes have been made in the boundary lines of the nations of South America?

Webster says it is probably a modified figure 8, and was formed by placing a piece of eight," i. e., eight reals, an old Spanish coin of the value of a dollar.

2. Don't know, unless it is Chicago. 3. None recently, so far as we know.

Lawrence, Warren, Pa.:

1. Can you tell me how the forces under the command of Gen. Grant compared in numbers to the opposing army in the different battles that Gen. Grant fought.

It is impossible to give the actual number engaged in different battles, as no two authorities agree. The rebel force can only be estimated at best. It is enough to know that Grant generally had the advantage, whether opposed by equal or unequal numbers. It should also be remembered that after Grant was made commander, all army movements were planned and directed by him.

Sub., Ledgerville, Wis.:

1. Are the national banks ever obliged to redeem their notes in gold or silver? 2. What was the popular vote of each Presidential candidate for 1884? 3. Can you give an ant dote for bacon, O?

1. The law says "lawful money." This includes greenbacks. 2. You must be a new subscriber." The question has been answered on a dozen times. 3. Quien sabe. 4,851,981; Butler, 175,370; St. John, 150,769. 3. Quit using it.

C. J. O., Evansville, Mo.:

1. What was the number of distilleries in the United States in 1775? 2. What was the population of the American colonies in 1775? 3. How many distilleries in the United States at the present time?

1. Do not know. 2. The first census was taken in 1790, when 3,929,214 names were returned. 3. The number of persons engaged in distilling and rectifying is given as 3,243, and brewers and maltsters as 10,285. The number of vats, hogsheads is not given.

Doc, Troy, Kan.:

1. Did homeopathy originate? 2. What is the difference between the American plan and the European plan, as applied to hotels?

1. Edward Jenner, born in Gloucester, in 1749, was the originator of vaccination. His discovery was the result of a prolonged series of observations and experiments, and partly due to an accident that occurred in his practice. A woman chopped off the little finger of the left hand of a cow for the small-pox, because she had cow-pox. Jenner inoculated his first case about 1796, but inoculation was not thoroughly established for more than a quarter of a century after its introduction. 2. The European plan is to pay for what you order. The American plan is to pay so much for your meal, no matter whether you like it or not.

Reader, Toledo, O.:

Please tell me where the Ohio and West Virginia state normal schools are located, and also what the terms and requirements for entering each are.

There are several normal schools in Ohio, but the state government has nothing to do with them. Chief among these are the National normal school in Lebanon, the Northwestern Ohio in Ada, the Northwestern in Fostoria, the Ohio Central in Worthington, the Western Reserve in Milan, the McNeely in Hopedale, the Orwell normal institute in Orwell, and the normal school in Cincinnati. Most of these have courses of study in addition to the normal. Terms, etc., can be ascertained by addressing the superintendents. The state normal school of West Virginia is at Huntington, with branches at Fairmount, West Liberty, Glenville, Shepherdstown, and Concord. These schools are maintained by the state, and are open to students free of charge for tuition, on condition that they will teach for a specified time in the schools of the state.

E. A. G., Cornwall, Ill.:

1. Please give a brief sketch of the life of Charles Sumner. 2. What is the population of Alaska? 3. Was the Illinois Central railroad built by foreign capital?

1. Born in Boston in 1811; began the practice of law in Boston in 1834, and was appointed reporter of the circuit court; lectured in the Cambridge law school; traveled in Europe in 1837-40; succeeded Daniel Webster as United States senator in 1851; assaulted by Brooks of South Carolina, in 1856, for his famous speech, "the Crime Against Kansas," for which he was disabled as to be unable to resume his public duties for three or four years. He took an active part in the opposition to the annexation of Texas and anti-slavery movements of the day; he opposed the fugitive slave act in the Senate in a speech in which he declared "freedom is national, and slavery sectional." He originally proposed emancipation as the speediest method of ending the rebellion. His complete works, speeches, etc., have been published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. Mr. Sumner died in 1874. 2. About 40,000, including Indians. 3. Partly.

Sub., Peachville, Pa.:

1. Of what is every wheels composed? 2. Is there any work on turning that will give instructions on turning balls perfectly round? 3. What is the polishing process to polish iron or brass after turning?

1. Provide a solid wheel, made of pine or any other soft wood, and of the size required for the purpose. Turn the wheel true, and then fasten rounds or hollows in the face, to suit the tools you wish to grind, gouges, rounds, etc. Then prepare some best glue, and, using it hot and thin, put it on the face of the wheel with a brush. Then grind a coat of coarse emery, and when it is dry a second one should be applied, and, as quickly as possible, as much emery should be sifted upon the wet surface as the glue will hold. When this is dry another coat of glue and emery should be applied in the same way. This will make a wheel that will last for months, and grind faster than anything else. No, 6 emery is best for this purpose. Think so. Write to Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo, O. 3. If you obtain the book that will give you all necessary information on the subject.

E. H., Hector, O.:

1. How many Union prisoners died in Andersonville? 2. How many Union prisoners died in all of the rebel prisons during the war? 3. What was the annexation of Texas? 4. Who was the first person to freeze to death in any Confederate prison through neglect of northern officials?

The BLADE has answered these questions several times. The number of deaths recorded at Andersonville was 12,462. The number of prisoners registered there was 45,613. 2. The number of Union soldiers who died while prisoners was 29,725. The total number of volunteers supposed to be mustered out of the Union army May 1, 1865, was 1,034,064. The entire enlistments during the war were 2,688,523, but many were re-enlistments of individuals forming the armies was only 1,500,000, of which 75 per cent. were native Americans, 9 per cent. foreigners, and 7 per cent. Irish; various nationalities made up the remaining 9 per cent. The adjutant general of the Confederate army claims that the entire available force during the entire war was 600,000, and that they never had more than 300,000 in the field at one time. This is evidently an underestimate, as no records were kept in many departments.

S. H. G., Watkins, Ia.:

What is the diameter of the largest tree in California, and what is it called? Give a short sketch of Gen. Custer in his death.

One specimen of the mammoth tree found in Tulare county was 328 feet high, 106 in circumference at base and 76 at a point 12 feet above the ground. The redwood tree, which bears a strong resemblance to the mammoth tree, frequently grows to a height of 300 feet and a diameter of 15 feet. It is found on the plains or mountains near the ocean, and grows in large dense groves. The sugar pine grows about 200 feet high, and 12 feet in diameter at the base. Some of the mammoth trees indicate, as near as can be ascertained, an age of 4,000 to 5,000 years. 2. George A. Custer was born in New Rumley, O., Dec. 5, 1839. West Point, 1861. Entering the second cavalry, he served in the Potomac army; was able to McClellan, and engaged at Yorktown, South Mountain and Antietam, and Stoneman's raid; was also to Gen. Pleasonton; brigadier-general of volunteers June 29, 1863, with his regiment, the right of the line at Gettysburg; commanded a brigade of the cavalry corps in the Richmond campaign, April to August, 1864, and of the third division of the cavalry corps in Sheridan's Valley campaign, October, 1864 to March 1865. He routed the rebel rear-guard at Falling Waters; at Winchester, he captured nine battle flags, and more men than he had engaged; received a "piece of eight," i. e., eight reals, an old Spanish coin of the value of a dollar, from Pleasonton at Fisher's Hill; brevet major-general for conduct at Cedar Creek; routed Gen. Rosser, October 9, 1864; and at Waynesboro captured the remnant of Early's army, about 18,000 strong, in February, 1865. In the battles of the campaign ending in the surrender of Lee, Custer commanded a cavalry division, and bore a most important part; distinguished at Dinwiddie Court House, at Five Forks, Sailor Creek, and finally at Appomattox Court House, and April 15, 1865, was made major-general of volunteers. He never had a gun or a sabre captured, more guns, flags and prisoners than any other general not an army commander, and was exceptionally fortunate in his career. Lieutenant-colonel 7th cavalry July 28, 1866; brevet major-general U. S. A. for gallantry; lieutenant-colonel 7th cavalry, Fort Riley, Kan., March 18, 1869; colonel for Wichita, Indian Territory, Feb. 8, 1873; Yellowstone, Dak., May 17, 1876; killed by Sioux Indians, June 25, 1876, on the Little Horn river, Montana. 3. Yes.

E. A. G., Cornwall, Ill.:

1. Please give a brief sketch of the life of Charles Sumner. 2. What is the population of Alaska? 3. Was the Illinois Central railroad built by foreign capital?

1. Born in Boston in 1811; began the practice of law in Boston in 1834, and was appointed reporter of the circuit court; lectured in the Cambridge law school; traveled in Europe in 1837-40; succeeded Daniel Webster as United States senator in 1851; assaulted by Brooks of South Carolina, in 1856, for his famous speech, "the Crime Against Kansas," for which he was disabled as to be unable to resume his public duties for three or four years. He took an active part in the opposition to the annexation of Texas and anti-slavery movements of the day; he opposed the fugitive slave act in the Senate in a speech in which he declared "freedom is national, and slavery sectional." He originally proposed emancipation as the speediest method of ending the rebellion. His complete works, speeches, etc., have been published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. Mr. Sumner died in 1874. 2. About 40,000, including Indians. 3. Partly.

Sub., Peachville, Pa.:

1. Of what is every wheels composed? 2. Is there any work on turning that will give instructions on turning balls perfectly round? 3. What is the polishing process to polish iron or brass after turning?

1. Provide a solid wheel, made of pine or any other soft wood, and of the size required for the purpose. Turn the wheel true, and then fasten rounds or hollows in the face, to suit the tools you wish to grind, gouges, rounds, etc. Then prepare some best glue, and, using it hot and thin, put it on the face of the wheel with a brush. Then grind a coat of coarse emery, and when it is dry a second one should be applied, and, as quickly as possible, as much emery should be sifted upon the wet surface as the glue will hold. When this is dry another coat of glue and emery should be applied in the same way. This will make a wheel that will last for months, and grind faster than anything else. No, 6 emery is best for this purpose. Think so. Write to Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo, O. 3. If you obtain the book that will give you all necessary information on the subject.

E. H., Hector, O.:

1. How many Union prisoners died in Andersonville? 2. How many Union prisoners died in all of the rebel prisons during the war? 3. What was the annexation of Texas? 4. Who was the first person to freeze to death in any Confederate prison through neglect of northern officials?

The BLADE has answered these questions several times. The number of deaths recorded at Andersonville was 12,462. The number of prisoners registered there was 45,613. 2. The number of Union soldiers who died while prisoners was 29,725. The total number of volunteers supposed to be mustered out of the Union army May 1, 1865, was 1,034,064. The entire enlistments during the war were 2,688,523, but many were re-enlistments of individuals forming the armies was only 1,500,000, of which 75 per cent. were native Americans, 9 per cent. foreigners, and 7 per cent. Irish; various nationalities made up the remaining 9 per cent. The adjutant general of the Confederate army claims that the entire available force during the entire war was 600,000, and that they never had more than 300,000 in the field at one time. This is evidently an underestimate, as no records were kept in many departments.

S. H. G., Watkins, Ia.:

What is the diameter of the largest tree in California, and what is it called? Give a short sketch of Gen. Custer in his death.

One specimen of the mammoth tree found in Tulare county was 328 feet high, 106 in circumference at base and 76 at a point 12 feet above the ground. The redwood tree, which bears a strong resemblance to the mammoth tree, frequently grows to a height of 300 feet and a diameter of 15 feet. It is found on the plains or mountains near the ocean, and grows in large dense groves. The sugar pine grows about 200 feet high, and 12 feet in diameter at the base. Some of the mammoth trees indicate, as near as can be ascertained, an age of 4,000 to 5,000 years. 2. George A. Custer was born in New Rumley, O., Dec. 5, 1839. West Point, 1861. Entering the second cavalry, he served in the Potomac army; was able to McClellan, and engaged at Yorktown, South Mountain and Antietam, and Stoneman's raid; was also to Gen. Pleasonton; brigadier-general of volunteers June 29, 1863, with his regiment, the right of the line at Gettysburg; commanded a brigade of the cavalry corps in the Richmond campaign, April to August, 1864, and of the third division of the cavalry corps in Sheridan's Valley campaign, October, 1864 to March 1865. He routed the rebel rear-guard at Falling Waters; at Winchester, he captured nine battle flags, and more men than he had engaged; received a "piece of eight," i. e., eight reals, an old Spanish coin of the value of a dollar, from Pleasonton at Fisher's Hill; brevet major-general for conduct at Cedar Creek; routed Gen. Rosser, October 9, 1864; and at Waynesboro captured the remnant of Early's army, about 18,000 strong, in February, 1865. In the battles of the campaign ending in the surrender of Lee, Custer commanded a cavalry division, and bore a most important part; distinguished at Dinwiddie Court House, at Five Forks, Sailor Creek, and finally at Appomattox Court House, and April 15, 1865, was made major-general of volunteers. He never had a gun or a sabre captured, more guns, flags and prisoners than any other general not an army commander, and was exceptionally fortunate in his career. Lieutenant-colonel 7th cavalry July 28, 1866; brevet major-general U. S. A. for gallantry; lieutenant-colonel 7th cavalry, Fort Riley, Kan., March 18, 1869; colonel for Wichita, Indian Territory, Feb. 8, 1873; Yellowstone, Dak., May 17, 1876; killed by Sioux Indians, June 25, 1876, on the Little Horn river, Montana. 3. Yes.

S. E. L., Arnigo, N. M.: Write to Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo, O.

G. H. N., Pigeon Falls, Wis.: Write to Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass.

C. C. H., Stafford, Kan.: Write to A. Galbraith 224 North Ninth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

C. M., Wilder, Kan.:

1. When did Gen. Phil. Sheridan die? Do wild geese hatch and raise their young in the United States?

1. He is not dead, and is not thinking about dying. 2. Not often.

C. L. H., Emerald, Wis.:

1. Can you tell me where the poem treating on the nations, and beginning with "See the Mother and the Daughter," England and America, can be found? It was published some thirty or forty years since, I believe. 2. Could you spare space in your valuable columns to reproduce the poem, if found?

1. He is not dead, and is not thinking about dying. 2. Not often.

C. L. H., Emerald, Wis.:

1. Can you tell me where the poem treating on the nations, and beginning with "See the Mother and the Daughter," England and America, can be found? It was published some thirty or forty years since, I believe. 2. Could you spare space in your valuable columns to reproduce the poem, if found?

1. No; only two, so far as we know—the "Orthodox" and "Hicksite." 2. He has the use of the furniture in the White House, and Congress makes provision for the care of the grounds, etc. Otherwise the President is debarred from the receipt of any other emoluments.

Reader, Rose, Dak.:

Please inform me how to cure ringworms.

Wash with soft soap every morning, and apply the following ointment every night: One drachm sub-carbonate of soda, dissolved in one-half pint vinegar. Another plan: To one part sulphuric acid add 16 to 20 parts water. Use a brush or feather for the purpose, and apply it to the parts night and morning. If the solution is too strong, dilute it with more water; and if the irritation is excessive, rub on a little oil or other softening application; but always avoid soap.

A. B. A., Houtzdale, Pa.:

1. Who was Moses buried? 2. Was he ever resurrected?

1-2. He is said to have "ascended the Mount of Nebo, from whence he can a first and last look over the land towards which he had pined all his life, and on which his feet were never to tread. He died upon this mountain, 120 years old, in the full vigor of manhood, and no man knows his burial place up to this day—so that neither his remains nor his tomb were desecrated by divine honors being superstitiously paid to them.

J. R. F., Anamosa, Iowa:

1. Tay for and Fillmore were Whig Presidents from March 4, 1849, to March 4, 1853. Did we have a Whig President and a Democratic Congress during their administration? 2. Where can I obtain the Democratic platform for 1884?

1. In the Congress that assembled December 3, 1849, there were 25 Whigs, 33 Democrats and 2 Freesoilers in the Senate. In the House there were 112 Whigs, 110 Democrats, 3 not classed, 9 Freesoilers and 1 vacancy. In the Congress that assembled December 6, 1852, there were 24 Whig Senators, 31 Democrats, 5 Freesoilers, with two vacancies. In the House, 71 Whigs, 159 Democrats, 4 Freesoilers. 2. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo, O.

A. E. M., Spring Arbor, Mich.:

1. Did the Federals sink the old Merrimac, when the Norfolk navy yard was captured? 2. Was the Norfolk navy yard ever recaptured by the Confederates? 3. Did Gen. Joseph E. Johnston succeed to Gen. Lee's command?

1. The Confederates fired the navy yard and exploded the Merrimac before leaving. 2. Norfolk was never recaptured by the rebels. 3. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston succeeded to Gen. Lee's command in 1865.

M. D., Lowville: Write to W. Y. McAlister, 728 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.:

J. J. W., Adrian, O.:

Who was John Adams's secretary of state? John Marshall, of Virginia.

O. M. L., Amboy, Ill.: We have no recollection of the poetry you mention as having been published in the BLADE "some time in 1871."

W. H., Logan, Kans.:

Is John Ericson, the inventor of the Monitor, dead?

No.

H. B., Milmine, Ill.:

Was Gen. Hardee, of the Confederate army, killed?

No; he retired to his plantation in Alabama after the war, and died at Wytheville, Va., in 1873.

C. B. S., Forest Dale, O.:

1. What is the capital of Honduras? 2. Also capital of Dakota territory? 3. Give name, politics and nativity of the United States senators.

1. Tegucigalpa. 2. Bismarck. 3. This was published a short time ago.

F. J. M., Iowa Falls, Ia.:

Are there any lawful holidays? If so, name them.

Yes—Sunday, July 4, December 25, January 1. In some states election day, Washington's birthday, and several other days, are legal holidays. Any day the President, the governor of a state or the legislature may appoint is also a legal holiday.

Sub., Chebanse, Ill.:

There being so much to say in the last campaign about the citizenship of Daniel McSweeny, I wrote to the editor of the *Derry Standard*, County Donegal, Ireland, for information, and he sent me one of the ballots claimed to be used at his election, and yet he claims McSweeny is an American citizen. Can a man be a citizen of two countries at the same time?

No.

H. C., Wisconsin:

Are mulberries started from the seed or berry? 2. Can you tell where the seed can be had?

Mulberries are propagated by seeds, cuttings and layers; they grow readily from seeds which are sown in early spring. The black mulberry is grown from cuttings and layers. Downing's ever-bearing is propagated by grafting upon roots of the white mulberry. 2. No.

E. B. S., Cedar Springs, Mich.:

In my service in the army I obtained a piece of timber large enough for a cane from the old frigate United States, of the war of 1812. Now what I want is a short history of this vessel.

In 1797, when war with France seemed inevitable, Congress, on the urgent recommendation of Pres. Adams, caused the frigates United States, Constellation and Constitution to be completed, equipped and sent to sea. This was the commencement of the American navy (October 2, 1812 the United States, commanded by Decatur, fought the British ship Macedonian, west of the Canary Islands, for nearly two hours. After being greatly damaged, and losing more than 100 men in killed and wounded, the Macedonian surrendered. Decatur lost only five killed and seven wounded, and his vessel was very little injured. The United States was among the vessels of war in the Norfolk navy yard when the war broke out, and was destroyed to prevent her falling into the hands of the rebels.

C. L. M., Newport, Tenn.:

1. Please give some information regarding Gerald Massey, the English poet. 2. Is he in the United States at the present time?

1. He was born in Herts, Eng., in 1828. His father was a canal boatman. Gerald passed his early days as a laborer in a silk mill, and went to London in his fifteenth year as an errand boy. After contributing a number of poetical compositions to a prominent newspaper, he mustered sufficient courage to publish a selection of his pieces in a shilling volume, entitled "Poems and Chansons." About 250 copies were disposed of. Since then he has published a number of volumes. The *Westminster Review*, in 1857, said of Massey: "Perhaps no poet of the present day has a more exuberant fancy than Mr. Massey; but he rarely shows any higher power than fancy. The majority of his poems are like children's May-flowers—bright with flowers which have no root, and are only artificially woven into close contact. His versification, often highly musical through a felicity of genius, is often utterly lost through an indifference apparently due either to an excessive self-estimate or to a want of artistic scrupulousness." Other critics, however, give him the highest praise. 2. Think not. He removed to Edinburgh in 1855.

O. T. D., Fultham, N. Y.:

1. How many miles of railroad in the United States? 2. How many churches in the United States?

1. Over 120,000. 2. The following is compiled from the latest publications of the various churches:

DENOMINATIONS.	Churches.	Ministers.	Members
Adventist, Second	800	600	70,000
Adventist, Seventh Day	540	114	15,570
Baptist	36,060	16,596	2,296,327
Baptist, 4th Mission	900	400	40,000
Baptist, Free Will	1,432	1,213	78,012
Baptist, Seventh Day	94	110	6,539
Baptist, Six Principle	20	12	2,000
Christian (Disciples of Christ)	5,100	3,782	391,621
Congregational	3,904	3,718	391,697
Dunkards (Dun Brethren)	250	200	100,000
Episcopal, Protestant	3,000	3,432	338,333
Episcopal, Reformed	....	100	9,445
Evangelical Association	1,576	1,545	1,027
Friends	392	200	60,000
Jews	269	202	13,583
Lutheran	5,553	3,132	950,868
Mennonite	330	150	50,000
Methodist, Episcopal	17,925	24,658	1,724,429
Methodist Episcopal(South)	....	11,703	800,687
Methodist, Episcopal African	....	1,738	867,566
Methodist, Episcopal African Zion	....	1,800	800,000
Methodist, Episcopal Colored	....	683	112,938
Methodist, Free	....	260	12,318
Methodist, Congregational	....	225	13,750
Methodist, Primitive	....	52	3,369
Methodist, Protestant	....	1,385	135,000
Methodist, Welsh Calvinistic	1,134	600	118,979
Methodist, Wesleyan	....	400	17,087
Moravian	84	94	9,491
Mormon	684	5,906	110,377
New Jerusalem (Swedenborgian)	93	89	3,994
Presbyterian	5,838	5,218	600,698
Presbyterian (South)	2,018	1,061	124,806
Presbyterian, Cumberland	2,457	1,356	111,853
Presbyterian, Reformed	167	148	17,273
Presbyterian, United	826	719	84,573
Reformed Church (late Dutch)	509	545	80,167
Reformed Church (late German)	1,406	748	155,837
Roman Catholic	6,241	6,563	142,806
Shaker	18	63	2,400
Unitarian, Congregational	335	304	17,900
United Brethren in Christ	4,524	2,196	157,835
Universalist	956	729	27,429
Winebrennerians (Church of God)	400	850	30,000

*The Roman Catholics claim to have 6,832,954 adherents of that faith in the United States, but church membership is not reported.

F. W. P., Linden:

1. Will you please publish the dutiable articles, and the amount paid on each article, imported into this country? 2. Did Bret Harte compose a piece of poetry entitled "The Heathen Chinee?" 3. Can you publish it?

1. We cannot spare space to publish all the tables. The following will show the value and duty collected on all commodities paying $100.00 or upwards into the treasury in the year ended June 30, 1884:

Dutiable articles.	Values.	Duties.
Animals	$ 3,183,433	$ 636,687
Art works	637,874	191,362
Barley	5,949,257	866,132
Books, engravings and printed matter	2,746,692	688,667
Brass, manufactures of	470,435	300,879
Brist	1,138,837	143,245
Brushes	662,665	186,300
Buttons	3,139,949	784,987
Cement	825,095	165,019
Total chemicals, drugs, etc	13,089,656	3,716,489
Clocks, and parts of	428,818	127,145
Watches	1,838,475	455,869
Coal, bituminous	2,494,228	661,746
Corks	866,091	303,342
Total cotton manufactures	28,638,479	11,479,942
Total earthenware and china	4,613,607	2,570,507
Total fancy articles	8,032,914	2,898,444
Total fish	1,679,840	352,342
Total flax, hemp, jute, etc	33,814,271	9,418,484
Total fruits and nuts	16,500,539	4,420,556
Furs, and man'factures of	5,694,883	1,185,468
Total glass and glassware	7,583,185	4,905,638
Gold and silver manufactures	364,270	104,070
Gunpowder and explosives	495,026	366,648
Hair, and manufactures of	433,088	124,731
*Hats, cotton and hoods	645,134	193,530
*Braids, trim's, etc., for hats	3,365,657	653,129
Hay	908,143	237,503
Total iron and steel, and manufactures of	42,917,747	14,799,116
*Jewelry of all kinds	576,613	144,153
Precious stones	8,712,315	871,231
Total leather and manufactures of	11,362,891	3,158,854
Total liquors of all kinds	7,911,309	6,863,887
Total paper and manufactures	1,751,853	688,681
Total provisions	1,830,477	412,570
Rice, cleaned	1,378,964	1,442,284
Salt, in bags, sacks or barrels	1,093,628	403,911
Salt, in bulk	453,627	353,291
Seeds, linseed or flaxseed	8,181,480	580,030
Total silk, and manufactures of	38,030,574	18,962,910
Soap of all kinds	960,870	118,158
Sugar, syrups, melada	66,045,317	47,560,720
Molasses	8,387,631	1,412,188
Tobacco, leaf, unmanufactured	5,447,066	3,830,393
Cigars and cheroots	3,146,023	3,643,704
Vegetables	5,445,868	457,988
Total manufactures of wool	41,684,672	27,478,400
Total raw wool and manufactures of	55,078,171	28,091,286
Zinc, spelter, and manufactures of	251,477	115,636
Total dutiable, and average duty	$468,885,184	$189,844,995
Total, free of duty	211,380,984	.....
Total imports, mdse	$687,578,169	.....

*Not otherwise provided for. Note.—The rate observed in the above table, of items of each specific article, which pay as much as $100,000 revenue into the treasury, is of course subject to change from year to year. The table for the year ending June 30, 1885, will show the value and duty collected on all commodities paying $100,000 or upwards into the treasury in the year ended June 30, 1885.

F. J. M., Newport, Tenn.:

1. Please give some information regarding Gerald Massey, the English poet. 2. Is he in the United States at the present time?

1. He was born in Herts, Eng., in 1828. His father was a canal boatman. Gerald passed his early days as a laborer in a silk mill, and went to London in his fifteenth year as an errand boy. After contributing a number of poetical compositions to a prominent newspaper, he mustered sufficient courage to publish a selection of his pieces in a shilling volume, entitled "Poems and Chansons." About 250 copies were disposed of. Since then he has published a number of volumes. The *Westminster Review*, in 1857, said of Massey: "Perhaps no poet of the present day has a more exuberant fancy than Mr. Massey; but he rarely shows any higher power than fancy. The majority of his poems are like children's May-flowers—bright with flowers which have no root, and are only artificially woven into close contact. His versification, often highly musical through a felicity of genius, is often utterly lost through an indifference apparently due either to an excessive self-estimate or to a want of artistic scrupulousness." Other critics, however, give him the highest praise. 2. Think not. He removed to Edinburgh in 1855.

O. T. D., Fultham, N. Y.:

1. How many miles of railroad in the United States? 2. How many churches in the United States?

1. Over 120,000. 2. The following is compiled from the latest publications of the various churches:

DENOMINATIONS.	Churches.	Ministers.	Members
Adventist, Second	800	600	70,000
Adventist, Seventh Day	540	114	15,570
Baptist	36,060	16,596	2,296,327
Baptist, 4th Mission	900	400	40,000
Baptist, Free Will	1,432	1,213	78,012
Baptist, Seventh Day	94	110	6,539
Baptist, Six Principle	20	12	2,000
Christian (Disciples of Christ)	5,100	3,782	391,621
Congregational	3,904	3,718	391,697
Dunkards (Dun Brethren)	250	200	100,000
Episcopal, Protestant	3,000	3,432	338,333
Episcopal, Reformed	....	100	9,445
Evangelical Association	1,576	1,545	1,027
Friends	392	200	60,000
Jews	269	202	13,583
Lutheran	5,553	3,132	950,868
Mennonite	330	150	50,000
Methodist, Episcopal	17,925	24,658	1,724,429
Methodist Episcopal(South)	....	11,703	800,687
Methodist, Episcopal African	....	1,738	867,566
Methodist, Episcopal African Zion	....	1,800	800,000
Methodist, Episcopal Colored	....	683	112,938
Methodist, Free	....	260	12,318
Methodist, Congregational	....	225	13,750
Methodist, Primitive	....	52	3,369
Methodist, Protestant	....	1,385	135,000
Methodist, Welsh Calvinistic	1,134	600	118,979
Methodist, Wesleyan	....	400	17,087
Moravian	84	94	9,491
Mormon	684	5,906	110,377
New Jerusalem (Swedenborgian)	93	89	3,994
Presbyterian	5,838	5,218	600,698
Presbyterian (South)	2,018	1,061	124,806
Presbyterian, Cumberland	2,457	1,356	111,853
Presbyterian, Reformed	167	148	17,273
Presbyterian, United	826	719	84,573
Reformed Church (late Dutch)	509	545	80,167
Reformed Church (late German)	1,406	748	155,837
Roman Catholic	6,241	6,563	142,806
Shaker	18	63	2,400
Unitarian, Congregational	335	304	17,900
United Brethren in Christ	4,524	2,196	157,835
Universalist	956	729	27,429
Winebrennerians (Church of God)	400	850	30,000

*The Roman Catholics claim to have 6,832,954 adherents of that faith in the United States, but church membership is not reported.

F. W. P., Linden:

1. Will you please publish the dutiable articles, and the amount paid on each article, imported into this country? 2. Did Bret Harte compose a piece of poetry entitled "The Heathen Chinee?" 3. Can you publish it?

1. We cannot spare space to publish all the tables. The following will show the value and duty collected on all commodities paying $100.00 or upwards into the treasury in the year ended June 30, 1884:

Dutiable articles.	Values.	Duties.
Animals	$ 3,183,433	$ 636,687
Art works	637,874	191,362
Barley	5,949,257	866,132
Books, engravings and printed matter	2,746,692	688,667
Brass, manufactures of	470,435	300,879
Brist	1,138,837	143,245
Brushes	662,665	186,300
Buttons	3,139,949	784,987
Cement	825,095	165,019
Total chemicals, drugs, etc	13,089,656	3,716,489
Clocks, and parts of	428,818	127,145
Watches	1,838,475	455,869
Coal, bituminous	2,494,228	661,746
Corks	866,091	303,342
Total cotton manufactures	28,638,479	11,479,942
Total earthenware and china	4,613,607	2,570,507
Total fancy articles	8,032,914	2,898,444
Total fish	1,679,840	352,342
Total flax, hemp, jute, etc	33,814,271	9,418,484
Total fruits and nuts	16,500,539	4,420,556
Furs, and man'factures of	5,694,883	1,185,468
Total glass and glassware	7,583,185	4,905,638
Gold and silver manufactures	364,270	104,070
Gunpowder and explosives	495,026	366,648
Hair, and manufactures of	433,088	124,731
*Hats, cotton and hoods	645,134	193,530
*Braids, trim's, etc., for hats	3,365,657	653,129
Hay	908,143	237,503
Total iron and steel, and manufactures of	42,917,747	14,799,116
*Jewelry of all kinds	576,613	144,153
Precious stones	8,712,315	871,231
Total leather and manufactures of	11,362,891	3,158,854
Total liquors of all kinds	7,911,309	6,863,887
Total paper and manufactures	1,751,853	688,681
Total provisions	1,830,477	412,570
Rice, cleaned	1,378,964	1,442,284
Salt, in bags, sacks or barrels	1,093,628	403,911
Salt, in bulk	453,627	353,291
Seeds, linseed or flaxseed	8,181,480	580,030
Total silk, and manufactures of	38,030,574	18,962,910
Soap of all kinds	960,870	118,158
Sugar, syrups, melada	66,045,317	47,560,720
Molasses	8,387,631	1,412,188
Tobacco, leaf, unmanufactured	5,447,066	3,830,393
Cigars and cheroots	3,146,023	3,643,704
Vegetables	5,445,868	457,988
Total manufactures of wool	41,684,672	27,478,400
Total raw wool and manufactures of	55,078,171	28,091,286
Zinc, spelter, and manufactures of	251,477	115,636
Total dutiable, and average duty	$468,885,184	$189,844,995
Total, free of duty	211,380,984	.....
Total imports, mdse	$687,578,169	.....

*Not otherwise provided for. Note.—The rate observed in the above table, of items of each specific article, which pay as much as $100,000 revenue into the treasury, is of course subject to change from year to year. The table for the year ending June 30, 1885, will show the value and duty collected on all commodities paying $100,000 or upwards into the treasury in the year ended June 30, 1885.

A HEROIC DEED.

Surpassing Even the Deeds of Prowess of Every Day Life.

A few months ago the country was thrilled with the account of a girl, who, at the risk of her life, when the whirling flood of the swollen rivers was wresting great bridges from their foundations, skipped along the ties of a western railway, lantern in hand, and saved a train from certain destruction. The state of Iowa awarded her a suitable medal for her bravery. In this instance it was a child who saved the lives of many adults, but as a rule, the life of the child is in the hands of older persons.

In November, 1883, a little eight-year-old son of Danish parents, was suffering with diptheria. The attack was not severe, but he did not seem to rally after the throat appeared perfectly well. Nausea, headache and low fever succeeded the sore throat, and two or three days afterwards his limbs began to swell mysteriously. The skin became very dry, vomiting was frequent, nose-bleed was persistent, and nothing would stay in his stomach. "It was evident to our minds," says Mrs. Thomas Schmidt, wife of the vice-counsel of Denmark, residing at Netherwood, N. J., "that some mysterious malady was working ruin in his system. Our physician said he had the terrible bright's disease. To our suggestion that a certain preparation be tried he made no obj

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., PUBLISHERS | D. R. LOCKE, EDITOR.

THURSDAY APRIL 30.

Entered at the Postoffice at Toledo as Second-Class Matter.

THE TOLEDO BLADE.

CHEAPEST PAPER IN THE WORLD.

LARGEST AND BEST WEEKLY PUBLISHED.

TERMS—POSTAGE PAID.

Single copy, one year, $1.00, six months, 60 cents, three months, 30 cents. Clubs of 11, one year, $10—our best terms to agents for club of any size, EVERY ELEVENTH COPY FREE, or the agent may retain 10 per cent. commission in cash.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, post-paid free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address,

THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, O.

Circulation Last Week, 110,000.

THE BEST IN THE LAND.

With its enormous circulation, and that, too, among the very best class of the population, the BLADE is the very best advertising medium in America. It goes into every state and territory from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Canada to the Gulf. It is a welcome weekly guest in country homes, in city parlors, in workshop and mill. Everybody reads it, and the sharp advertiser finds it the best paper for his purpose in the land.

TO THOSE WHO DO NOT TAKE THE BLADE.

Many people who are not regular subscribers, will receive a specimen number of this week's issue of the BLADE. We ask them to examine it carefully, and if they like it, to enroll themselves on our books. We claim for the BLADE that it is the best weekly paper published in the United States, or the world, and the cheapest. It publishes more matter, it is more carefully edited, and is altogether the best for the family. Its enormous circulation in every state of the Union, is the best evidence of its value. We ask every person receiving a specimen copy, and every person not already a subscriber who may read this paragraph, to remit us for a three months trial. The cost is but a trifle, and we guarantee you more for your money than you ever received before.

Read the description of our Grant portrait on the fifth page, and then remit us for three months, *with the portrait.*

The terms of the BLADE are:

One Year (post paid)	$1 00
One year with portrait of Grant	1 15
Three months	30 cts
Three months, with Grant's portrait	40 cts
Six months	60 cts
Six months, with Grant's portrait	65 cts

Send in your name as soon as possible. Take notice of the combinations we make of books and the Waterbury Watch. Any how, examine the paper carefully.

THE Suez Canal Congress, now in session in Paris, has a most important matter to consider, and that is how the absolute liberty of the canal shall be maintained. The magnitude of the traffic explains the general solicitude as to the policy to be observed in its management in war. Formally opened in November, 1869, its earnings ($5,783,260) were more than five times as great in 1875—when Lord Beaconsfield purchased for Great Britain from the khedive 176,902 of the 400,000 shares for $20,400,000—as in 1870, and in 1883 they were $18,702,413. Last year there was a decline of something over $12,000,000 consequent upon the war of France and China. Great Britain has a momentous present interest in the settlement of the question, as she wants the most expeditious connection with her Indian possessions that is possible.

IT is not a healthy sign that American imports for the month of March should exceed the exports by a million dollars or so, because it shows that our people are buying abroad those things which should be manufactured at home. However, in the very likely event of an European war, we will soon have the balance of trade enormously in our favor. Our merchant marine will grow, and we shall have profitable markets for many products that are now stored up and yielding no return. It has been suggested that we shall have our bonds held abroad returned to us in great blocks, but this is not likely, because they are the safest securities for banking purposes outside of home bonds. We shall surely reap a golden harvest in the event of war, for our certificates of indebtedness held in Europe are as good as gold there and good as wheat here.

THE Pennsylvania legislature has just passed a bill prohibiting, under a penalty of $1,000, the admission of any female under 16 years of age into a house of ill-fame without the consent of her father, mother, or guardian, and prohibiting the admission to dance houses, concert saloons, theaters, museums, or other places where liquors are sold, of minors not 18 years old, under a penalty of $200 fine. This is a needed regulation, and a law of similar tenor would be useful in every state. Too many safeguards cannot be thrown around the young, especially girls, to pilot them over the quicksands of youth, when, with the passions developing rapidly and the judgment not matured, they are in far greater danger than at any other period of life.

THE action of France in regard to the suppressed newspaper in Egypt would seem to indicate that she had a secret understanding with Russia, and in case of a war, would openly side with her. Considering the financial condition of France, this would seem suicidal unless there was more to gain. The debt is now said to amount to $6,000,000,000, upon which the annual interest is $240,000,000. There is no doubt but that France would like to humiliate her old enemy if possible, but though she may seem to take a threatening attitude, it is hardly supposable that she would really join in open hostilities.

THE correspondent of a London newspaper, now at Baku, writes that the Russian Czar has determined to proceed to Samarkand, there to be crowned as emperor of Central Asia. It is said that the coronation ceremony and the incidental festivities will last for many days, and will be on a scale of magnificence calculated to dazzle the Asiatic khans and chieftains. The pageant will take place in the ancient palace of TAMERLANE, the great Tartar chief.

ELSBREE are the Democrats who expect nothing from CLEVELAND, for they shall not be disappointed.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

GEN. GRANT'S condition is much the same that it was a week ago. The cancer still continues its ravages, and it is authoritatively stated that the Brazilian remedy "alveloz," has not been tried. He may linger for months, and he may die in a week or two.

THE weather is now in the highest degree auspicious for the farmers all over the country. The two conditions of warmth and moisture, needful to recover the time lost from the late opening of the season, extend over the entire country, and the Southern planter and the Northern farmer are experiencing the benefit in the rapid forcing of vegetation under these two potent factors. The latest advices from Western wheat are much more favorable from many states, and some local modifications of the estimates of winter killing may be anticipated.

THERE is generally a variation between the weekly number of failures throughout the country, as reported by the two great mercantile agencies of BRADSTREET and R. G. DUN & Co., but it is more strikingly marked in their reports of last week than for a very long time. The former reports a total of 196 disasters, while the latter gives 240. This large discrepancy in numbers does not represent a very large aggregate capital, however, for the very great majority of the failures are those of petty tradesmen, whose liabilities will not average much over $2,000 each.

THE probabilities of war grow stronger and stronger, and the expectation that it would be followed by a decided rise in breadstuffs, has served to keep the American markets somewhat excited. In the European financial centers money is becoming dearer, the banks being engaged in fortifying themselves against the outbreak of hostilities. English bills are being sent home in exchange for gold. All European securities will necessarily fall in value, owing to the probability of the war, should it actually begin, involving nearly all the great powers, while those of the United States would be the last to be returned home, on account of their almost absolute security, there being hardly a possible chance that we should become involved in the struggle of the giants. American trade, especially in the shipping line, would be materially benefited, in having new openings presented for supplying the wants of the rest of the world. An increased demand for our breadstuffs and manufactured products would augment the revenues of the railways, and stocks and other securities would yield increased dividends.

WITHIN the week the probability of war between Russia and England has strengthened considerably. The contradictions, detailed and explicit, of Sir PETER LUMSDEN to Gen. KOMAROFF'S report have placed matters where it will be difficult for diplomacy to make them straight. That the Russians were the aggressors there is no doubt, and everything looks as if Russia desired war. Meanwhile preparations are going vigorously forward, and when the struggle does come it can hardly fail to be a severe one. The excitement in India is said to be intense. More than $75,000,000 have have already been spent there in making ready for the contest.

THE request of the English government for an explanation of the Pendjeh affair will not, it appears, be met in any pacific manner by Russia. The general belief is that all satisfaction will be refused, and the leading paper of the country announces that if England wishes peace she must accept that incident with all the consequences and go on with the negotiations respecting the frontier. It is claimed that the advance upon Pendjeh was not an advance into the Afghan territory as Russia draws the line, and that it was necessary to retake that place from the Afghans in order to maintain their own supremacy over the wild tribes in the Turcoman country. England of course does not regard it in this light, although Mr. GLADSTONE would seem to, from his reluctance to declare war.

LAST Friday occurred the first engagement of the Canadian troops under Gen. MIDDLETON with RIEL'S half-breeds at Batoche Crossing on the Saskatchewan river. This place is 450 miles northwest of Winnipeg, in an air line, but 600 to 700 miles by the route taken. The Crossing is a strategic point because it is in the easiest point for crossing the South Saskatchewan river, and reaching Carleton, on the North Saskatchewan, 30 miles distant. From the latter point Battleford and Prince Albert, two other threatened points, are reached by water. Fort Pitt, captured by the half-breeds, is 300 miles still further northwest of Carleton, following the North Saskatchewan, but the river being open, its recapture should be comparatively easy. The battle was a virtual defeat of the Canadian troops, as they suffered a much greater loss than the rebels, and did not succeed in driving the half-breeds from their position. The probabilities are in favor of the final defeat of the latter, and the punishment of the leaders, but there may be some hard fighting before it is accomplished.

AFFAIRS in Central America do not seem to be settled upon a firm basis. Panama has been occupied by the United States forces, but the step is not looked upon in a friendly light by France. Meanwhile Gen. AIZPURE has been confirmed in his position as president until the arrival of Gen. VILLA and his troops from Buena Ventura.

PEACE between China and France has not been reached yet, and the French claim some successes in Tonquin in the meantime. The importance of the war to the fortunes of Eastern Asia cannot be overestimated. It has shown that a Chinese army can defeat a European army, and with her vast population and her recklessness in the waste of human life, the odds required for such a result are of no importance to the empire. Besides this, it has convinced the government that railroads are indispensable to the protection of China. Heretofore the fact that no railroad line could be constructed without desecrating the small and countless temples to the memory of dead ancestors, with which the country is studded, has been an insuperable barrier to the adoption of railroad travel. But the regency seems to have found some way of evading this difficulty, as it announces that the country is to have railroads.

WE take a great deal of pride in this issue of the BLADE. Examine it carefully and see whether in any other way you can get so much of value for so little of money.

FANATICS AND MARTYRS.

It has become fashionable to denounce every man who advocates Prohibition as a Fanatic, and it is equally fashionable to consider the whisky sellers, who are being prosecuted for the violation of law, as Martyrs. We protest that this is as wrong as wrong can be.

Maine, Kansas and Iowa have laws prohibiting the sale of liquors within their boundaries. These were enacted under the organic law that governs those states, and their validity has been affirmed and re-affirmed by the courts. All that makes law has been appealed to, and the right of the people to enact such laws has been sustained by every court that has cognizance of questions of the kind.

That having been done, what was the duty of those engaged in the business of liquor selling? Why, simply to obey the law and close up their bars. If they were determined to continue the business, they should quit these states and go elsewhere, to states where the laws permit the villainous traffic. The man who obeys law is a good citizen—the man who does not is a criminal and deserves the fate of all criminals. That is all there is about it.

These pimple-nosed vermin refuse to obey the laws. Against the will of the people, expressed in a perfectly legal and legitimate way, they persist in running their murder mills, and when arrested and arraigned therefor, pose as martyrs, and appeal to the sympathy of the people, and, we are ashamed to say, receive it. They are held up as persecuted men, and those who attempt the enforcement of the laws as fanatical persecutors.

There is nothing more absurd on earth than this. This breaker of one law is as much a criminal as the breaker of another. Law is law, and no good citizen will violate it.

There may be law breakers entitled to some sympathy. Were a law passed which infringed upon questions of conscience, the sufferers might lay some claim to public sympathy. The slave of thirty years ago broke a law when he attempted to run away from his master, and even the Mormon of to-day, who actually believes in his religion, has some reason to complain that the law interferes with what, to him, is a matter of conscience.

But the law prohibiting the sale of Rum is one which ought to receive the support of every decent man and woman in the world. The seller of Rum is a public enemy. He is, almost invariably, an utterly characterless man who pursues an utterly disreputable business. He is not always a thief, but where thieves are the thickest he thrives the best. There is not a thieves' rendezvous in the world that is not a Rum mill; there is not a disreputable house in the world that has not Rum for its basis, nor is there a pursuit that is demoralizing and illegal that has not Rum for its foundation.

Rum is the one thing that is beyond question the enemy of mankind, the one physical, mental and moral destroyer. The seller of Rum is the one man on earth who is utterly and entirely conscienceless. He will sell Rum to the father knowing that he is taking shoes off a baby. He will sell Rum to the husband, knowing that the chances are even that the drink will knock the brains out of the wife. He will harbor thieves for the sake of the money he gets from them. Men, women and children are all one to him. His net is spread for everybody.

There is not a baby born who is not in danger from him. He has his clammy finger on every cradle in the country. There is not a house that does not fear him, there is not a wife who does not hate him, there is not a father who loves his children who does not dread him, even though he drinks himself. He is the one universal curse.

He is the regular Sabbath-breaker, he is the pest and curse of society wherever he squats. There is not a principle of good that he does not traverse, there is not a good thing in life that he does not sytematically and persistently try to break down. He is the apostle of the bad and the persistent enemy of the good. No family is safe within his reach; whatever he gets his foul claws upon is blasted. He is the armed enemy of the Church, the School and the Home.

Nevertheless when the people attempt to restrain this unmitigated nuisance he poses as a martyr, and, singular to say, there are those who regard him as such, and the people who have suffered by him, and who claim protection against him are set down as fanatics!

It is high time that this dangerous nonsense was stopped. The man who sells whisky in violation of law is a criminal, the same as the man who breaks into a house. He is worse than the ordinary criminal, for the one simply steals property, while the Rum seller is guilty of possible murder every time he fills a glass.

Three great states are passing through trial at this time. They are trying an experiment with Rum. They have prohibited its sale within their borders, and the world is looking on anxiously. Only one thing is necessary to accomplish it. The violators of law must be held as criminals and punished as criminals. The maudlin sentimentality that considers them persecuted men must be crushed out. They are criminals and criminals of the worst and most dangerous grade. There isn't one of them whose infernal traffic has not caused murder, for which they are as much responsible as though they had driven the knife or pulled the trigger. They are the enemies of the human race, and should be hunted as any other public enemy is hunted. To put the Liquor dealer in his proper position is what must be done to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

A MEMBER of the United States Senate declares that CLEVELAND'S administration will be the greatest failure in our history, because it has of itself no cohesive, elements, and because, founded by a great party, it is disregarding the party, calling to its support unknown and inefficient men, and because all its views of public questions are taken through the wrong end of the opera glass. There will always be two great parties in the United States, and one or the other of these is bound to rule from time to time. When a President elected turns out to be a trimmer, and attempts to hoe a middle row between the two great party lines, he is sure to fail. The boys of the party, the great masses, the men who carry the banners, who influence the immense vote of the lower class, are getting nothing, and they will surely baste CLEVELAND as soon as they get a chance.

THE OLD COMMANDER.

Sixty-three years ago Monday, in an humble cottage at Point Pleasant, Clermont county, Ohio, ULYSSES S. GRANT first saw the light. Those 63 years have spanned the career of a most remarkable man. Forty years of the time he remained in obscurity, with nothing about him to indicate his high destiny. But the hour came, and with it the man. He who was to be the nation's greatest military leader stepped from among the common throng, and placed his foot in the first rung of the ladder which he ascended, step by step, until he stood the central figure of the country.

It seems fitting to look back over that brilliant record, beginning with Belmont and closing with Appomattox, and discuss briefly the question of GRANT'S military genius. A large portion of the people, and perhaps a majority, concede all that his strongest admirer would claim for him; but there are many who have never done him the justice that his talent as a strategist and leader demands. The plea is urged that any general could eventually have crushed the rebellion, with armies such as GRANT had, often numerically greater than the opposing force, and composed of men whose bravery and fighting qualities were equal to those of their antagonists. But it must be remembered that the rebel leaders opposed to him were men of the first rank in the profession of arms. ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON, JOE JOHNSTON, BRAGG and LEE were soldiers by education and training, and leaders of genius and experience, whose reputations were worthily sustained by their achievements. Each was a host in himself. One by one they were overcome by GRANT, the first Union commander to do it successfully, and the rebellion itself was crushed by the final defeat of the last and greatest of them all—ROBERT E. LEE. Nor is the plea of numerical strength over his opponents true, save of his last campaign—the year of battles in front of Richmond. The battles of his earlier campaigns, and those which made him famous, were won often with less effective fighting strength than that of his foe.

Every campaign undertaken on the Union side was merely tentative in its nature, or else chiefly one of defense against the bold generalship of the rebel leaders, until GRANT moved against Forts Henry and Donelson. That campaign was one of bold conceptions and rapid execution, and bears the impress of a great commander. It was the first which had for its purpose a definite aim within the scope of the forces appointed to carry it out. Although it required more than three years of hard fighting to complete the chain of purpose connecting Donelson with Appomattox, the downfall of the Confederacy began when GRANT struck its centre along the Cumberland and Tennessee. The terrible struggle at Shiloh, over the discussion of which so much ink has been shed, was a battle whose real character can only be determined by the results of the chain of events consequent upon it. The attack was made by the rebels, with the intention of crushing GRANT and compelling the surrender of his forces. It failed; the battle-field and the victory remained with GRANT. The qualities of stubborn endurance and unrivaled persistence which are so notable in GRANT'S military career were conspicuous in his conduct of this tremendous struggle, and it is hard to see why the meed of well-earned victory cannot be awarded him without demur.

But whatever may be said of Shiloh, none of the doubt that overhangs it clouds the glorious campaign of Vicksburg. This brought into bold relief two high qualities which Gen. GRANT possesses far above his compeers: persistency and resource. Defeated in repeated direct attacks on Vicksburg, he still hung to the enemy's front like a bull-dog. When at last the operations against Vicksburg had settled down to formal investment, it then became necessary to act simultaneously on the offensive and defensive. In the campaign which culminated in the surrender of the city GRANT'S strategy was of the highest order. Before him was set the difficult problem of holding PEMBERTON in the city while crushing the force JOE JOHNSTON was bringing to his aid. This involved a division of the investing force. Completely befogging PEMBERTON as to his purpose and position, GRANT swung around him, crushed JOHNSTON with a series of heavy and rapidly delivered blows, and was again in front of Vicksburg before the dazed PEMBERTON realized that he had ever left his lines. Then could GRANT demand the surrender of the city with the overpowering assurance that the army on which PEMBERTON had relied for relief was no more. PEMBERTON, though he failed, was by no means utterly stupid. He simply failed to come up to the requirements of a man called upon to defend a position against GRANT'S persistency and ingenuity. The campaign of Chattanooga was a fitting pendant to that of Vicksburg, and formed a noble episode connecting GRANT'S career in the West with that in Virginia.

Then came the grand closing campaign of the war, the year of battle, of march, of siege, in Virginia, before Richmond. GRANT had the greater force, but the great genius of LEE made up for the lack of numbers in his ranks, added to the fact that his lines of defense were miles shorter than those of the attacking force, thus rendering his army more effective. Every Union general who had commanded the Army of the Potomac had the same superiority as to numbers; yet the tactics of LEE, that had successively defeated MCDOWELL, MCCLELLAN, BURNSIDE and MEADE, were utterly powerless when tried against GRANT. Time and again did he resort to the manœuvres which had rolled back the menacing forces of the Union in defeat, but the grip that GRANT had fastened upon him was one he was unable to unloose. Outgeneraled by GRANT and the brilliant galaxy of subordinate leaders who had learned the art of war anew under the tutelage of the glorious Old Commander, LEE yielded to the inevitable, and with his fall the unrighteous cause of which he was the greatest military champion went down in the dust. No second rate man could have won that campaign, against the able leaders and brave soldiers who on so many bloody fields tried conclusions with the Union arms. It was the surpassing military genius, the combination of the characteristics of leadership, possessed by the Great Captain of the Union, which defeated LEE, crushed the Confederacy, and saved the Union. The career of [illegible]

one of the greatest generals of history.

Nor has GRANT'S treatment of his allen foe ever received the recognition at the hands of the people at large that it deserves. His conduct toward the conquered was as magnanimous and considerate as his military triumph had been overwhelming. It was animated by a spirit rare as it is creditable, and stamped him as one of the truly great ones of earth. The key to it may be found in an utterance to a friend a few days ago. Said GRANT:

I tried to do my duty to my country, and, I hope, always treated those who were not on the same side with me with justice. The men of the south were fighting for a principle which they thought was right, and which we did not; but I always looked on them as citizens of our common country, and I believe whenever it was in my power treated them as such. I never liked to think of them as prisoners of war, and preferred to encourage them to go to their homes on parole. I can say that I never, even in the midst of duty, had any other feeling than that which one citizen should feel towards another.

OUR NEW STORY.

On the first page of this issue of the BLADE we give the opening chapters of an absorbing romance of frontier and Indian life in Northwestern Ohio, in a region familiar to thousands of our readers. It will be read with pleasure, we are assured, by our patrons. "The Daughter of the Sun" closes with this instalment, and, from the letters we have received concerning it, we believe it has been read with interest by the great BLADE family. We shall be glad to have expressions (not for publication) from our patrons, old and new, upon this as well as other features of the paper. We aim to please, to interest, to instruct our patrons, as well as to give them the news.

Read the opening chapters of "The Island Captive," and you will be charmed with it.

RUSSIA may have plenty of men, and a powerful navy, but if she concludes to measure strength with England she will find the "sinews of war" lacking. Her finances are in desperate condition, and the annual expenditure has for several years exceeded the receipts. According to the last published return, that of 1883, the public income amounted to $350,000,000, and the disbursements to $360,000,000. The disbursements for 1884 were $372,000,000, but the receipts for that year have not been published. The estimates for 1885 are $390,000,000 of income, and $400,000,000 of expenditure, accompanied by a suggestion on the part of the finance minister that the supplementary credits, corresponding to our deficiency bill, may, perhaps, be called for. These estimates of income are manifestly too large, while those of expenditure are acknowledged to be too small; the interest charged in the public debt is figured at about $100,000,000, of which not more than $20,000,000 can be counted on as net revenue from the government railways and other public works. The efforts that have been made to find fresh sources of revenue, has thus far been unsuccessful.

TO THE WOMEN WHO SEE THIS NUMBER OF THE BLADE.

Some thousands of this issue will be read by women who do not take the BLADE. We ask them, especially, to examine it, and determine whether or not there is a paper in the country which contains so much that is of interest to women as the BLADE. We pay especial attention to matters of the household, and there is not a family in which the BLADE would not be a valuable helper. We want the women who see this number to examine it carefully.

THE "twin relic of barbarism," polygamy, must go as did slavery, but it looks as though the power of the law will be sufficient to crush it out without an appeal to arms. RUDGER CLAWSON is a polygamist, who was convicted of that crime in the Utah District court in April, 1884, and sentenced to a fine of $800 and four years' imprisonment. He appealed to the Supreme court of the territory, and thence to the United States Supreme court, on the ground that the grand and petit juries by which he was indicted and tried were illegally constituted, because all believers in polygamy had been challenged and excluded. The highest tribunal has now decided against his plea and sustained the sentence of the District court, which will send CLAWSON to the penitentiary for four years. This opens the way to crush out the moral outrage of polygamy. Their is no difficulty in convicting a Mormon of the crime if his fellow criminals can be kept off the jury; and a few score of the leader in prison, serving out terms at hard labor, under the judgment of the federal courts, will go very far toward crushing out polygamy. For the first time in its history since it was planted in Utah, the Mormon church has found its match.

EVERY person who receives this number of the BLADE who is not a regular subscriber is invited to examine it, and to enroll himself on our books. One year $1, three months 30 cents. Notice our combination offers and work yourself in, in some way. The BLADE is the largest, best and cheapest family paper in the world.

MR. MANNING announces that the duplicate form of printing the monthly debt statement, which was begun with April, will be continued for May and June, when the "old form" will be dropped, and his new juggle be the only means the public at large will have of ascertaining the financial condition of the country. The secretary of the Treasury may twist the figures as much as he pleases, but he cannot either actually reduce the debt or the surplus by his new style of book keeping. The only reason for the change was to remove the reproach that would fall on the Democratic administration if the cash in the treasury remained as it has heretofore been reported, after the frantic appeals of HENDRICKS and other Democratic stump demagogues to the people to put them in power and let them take the "millions locked up in the treasury" and put them into "the pockets of the people."

IN the last nine months for which the reports of immigration have been collected, as compared with the same period of the previous fiscal year, the total number of immigrants has decreased 60,000. The immigration from Germany alone has decreased 34,000, the only increase being that of 300 from Ireland. The large decrease in the number of German immigrants is accounted for by the recent prevalence of the colonial fever in Germany.

A PROPOSITION is made to utilize the great Yellowstone National park for the construction of the American Switzerland. [illegible]

PROHIBITION IN KANSAS AND IOWA.

Important Announcement.

As announced a few months ago, the BLADE has dispatched an entirely competent correspondent to travel through the states of Kansas and Iowa to investigate the operation of the Liquor Laws of those states. The person selected for this important mission is Mr. CHARLES LOCKE CURTIS, of the BLADE staff, an intelligent observer, who is now in Kansas, on this very important mission.

Mr. CURTIS will embody in his letters not only the exact status of the Liquor situation, but will add thereto observations in general as to the country which he passes through.

His letters will be begun in the WEEKLY BLADE of May 14, and will be found of interest. They will probably continue six weeks or longer.

We anticipate a lively interest in them as they will be thoroughly and absolutely truthful, Mr. CURTIS'S directions being to

Nothing extenuate,
Or aught set down in malice.

The WEEKLY BLADE, three months, covering this important series, 30 cents. As usual $1 a year.

AS TO SILVER.

The silver question, divested of all the cobweb theorizing of the monometallists that there is a growing distrust of silver as a monetary medium, and the equally thin-spun efforts of the silver men to engraft the "fiat" theory of the defunct greenback heresy upon the coinage of the United States, presents itself thus:

This country produces more gold than all others, and is also one of the largest silver-producing countries. The net commercial value of the silver exported by the United States last year was $18,887,000, which, at its present coining rate, would equal $16,400,000 in standard silver dollars. The export of gold, however, was but small, only $115,000 in bullion being sent to Europe. Notwithstanding the large export of silver, the market is glutted; while, on the other hand, the increased use of gold in the arts, taken in connection with the less proportionate production of the metal from the mines, causes gold to keep its value with a greater degree of steadiness than any other widely-used metal.

The value of the standard silver dollar, which is coined at the rate of $2,000,000 a month, is but 83 cents, as compared with the gold dollar. The danger to which we are constantly liable is that the difference will grow wider—that the silver dollar will depreciate still further in relative value. The compulsory coinage of silver dollars adds to this danger constantly. The increase in the amount of silver coin on hand—and we are adding $24,000,000 a year to it, under this enforced coinage of dollars—must soon drive gold coin out of circulation. It is an universal experience that where two currencies are in use that differ in intrinsic value, the poorer drives the better out of circulation. Gold will become a commodity, as it was during the war.

What would be the result? First, a contraction of the currency of the country by the amount of gold coinage—$600,000,000, in round numbers. Second, a reduction in the purchasing power of the dollar, from 100 cents, the value of the gold dollar, to 83 cents, the value of the silver dollar. There is nothing to-day that enables a man to buy as much with a silver dollar as with a gold dollar, but the willingness of the people to take it as of equal purchasing power. Every day adds to the difficulty of doing so, because every day adds more to the silver coinage in proportion to the gold. The more abundant the silver coinage, the more danger of the two dollars, the one of silver, the other of gold, parting company as to value. The moment they do part company, the currency will be contracted $600,000,000; the silver dollar—and necessarily the paper dollar also—will drop in purchasing power 17 per cent—that is a silver dollar will only buy 83 cents' worth instead of 100 cents' worth; and a heavy export of gold will at once set in.

To stop the compulsory coinage of silver dollars is the first step to be taken to avert this calamity. But it is obvious that this would prove but a stop-gap. The mines will go on producing silver, and the decline in the value of silver in intrinsic value will go on. The intrinsic values of our gold and our silver dollars must be made the same. To reduce the gold dollar would be to reduce the purchasing power of all money in circulation (except gold and gold certificates) 17 per cent., and to rob the people of just that proportion of all their savings and earnings. This would be an injustice that cannot be seriously contemplated. There is but one alternative: to increase the amount of bullion in the silver dollar so as to make it equivalent to the gold dollar.

There is a great deal of gabble by a class of journals, which apparently make it their chief aim to cater to the unthinking mob, about the "gold bugs" and their designs upon the people's pockets. Now, the fact is, that the leading financiers of the country are in favor of a bi-metallic coinage; while, should the ideas of the silver lunatics prevail, and the present 83-cent dollar coinage be kept up until gold is forced out of circulation, the "gold bugs" and, in fact, every holder of a dollar of the total amount of gold coin in circulation—would realize a clean profit of 17 cents on every gold dollar he holds, or over $70,000,000 in all. The people's pockets are in no danger from the "gold bugs," but they are from the silver idiots.

ONCE more the question of a change of gauge is being discussed by the Southern railroads. The difference in gauge between the great Northern lines and those of the South is a great commercial obstruction, necessitating an immense amount of freight transfer that would not be otherwise necessary. In the United States, 433 lines, extending over about 116,000 miles of track, have the "standard" gauge—4 feet 8½ inches—while 73 lines, with a mileage of 14,000, in the Southern states, are built on the "broad," or 5-foot gauge. A change of the latter roads to standard gauge has been agitated several times, and there is a prospect that the coming summer will see it accomplished. The managers of the South Carolina, Georgia and Florida lines are all discussing the matter, and if they decide to make the change, the Alabama and Mississippi roads, including the great Louisville and Nashville system, will be compelled to follow suit, and this will put an end to the laborious freight transfers at Danville, Cincinnati, Tuscumbia, and elsewhere at connecting points of [illegible]

NASBY.

MR. NASBY does not appear this week, as he is probably recuperating from his trials and troubles. Next week, however, he will be on deck with some observations on matters and things generally. Look out for Nasby next week.

RUSSIAN AGGRESSIONS.

The war news to-day is more threatening, and it is difficult to see how a conflict between England and Russia can be avoided. The war spirit is rampant among the people, both in Russia and England. The "Jingoes" are declaiming loudly against GLADSTONE, and lamenting that DISRAELI is no longer in the land of the living, that he might be called to the head of the Queen's government and give the nation a decided foreign policy. They contemptuously remark that "the grand old man" (GLADSTONE) is acting like a grand old woman, and that the honor of England is suffering from his paltering with Russian diplomats, when the time for action has arrived.

There is no doubt that there is a strong feeling of distrust in England against Russia, which has been steadily growing as she has slowly made her way in Asia, partly by force, partly by diplomacy, nearer and still nearer to India. The recent advance of KOMAROFF and his capture of Pendjeh, is but a repetition of the old story of the steady advance of Russia upon Herat and the mountain passes that are the gateways to the fertile plains of the Indies and the Anglo-Indian empire. It may be interesting to review the progress that Russia has made within the past fifteen years in this direction, in spite of England and all her power.

In 1871 Great Britain was alarmed over reports of a Russian expedition against Khiva, but Russia, when called upon for explanations, quieted the English alarm, and gave the most solemn assurances that no harm was intended, and that "not only was it far from the intention of the emperor to take possession of Khiva, but positive orders had been prepared to prevent the occupation and possession of it." In spite of these "child-like and bland" assurances, which England accepted as genuine, within two years the Khan of Khiva acknowledged himself "the humble servant of the Emperor of Russia," and as a proof of his sincerity ceded to Russia the right bank of the Oxus, and the exclusive control of the river. England, of course, protested, but English protests were then too late.

Then, in the latter part of 1873, England again became uneasy over reports of an intended Russian expedition against Merv, and against the Turcoman tribes of these parts. Russia, again profoundly sorry for English apprehensions, assured the English diplomats that they considered "Afghanistan as entirely beyond their sphere of action," and insisted that Russia had no intention of undertaking an expedition against the Turcomans. Prince GORTSCHAKOFF kept up these protestations, though all the while Russia kept moving her outposts. The English protested again in 1875, and still again in 1877, when Russia replied that "the movement on Kizil Arvat is nothing more than a simple military expedition, such as our troops in the Caucasus undertake every year, to keep order on the frontiers. The most formal orders have been given to the commandant of the column not to exceed his instructions in this sense. Any anxiety respecting Merv falls to the ground in presence of these frank explanations."

In 1881, however, the Russian explanations became rather more frank, and her diplomats declared that they "had no desire to push their military operations as far as Merv, but if they found themselves compelled to do so, they certainly did not contemplate a permanent occupation, and would withdraw as soon as possible." What naturally followed was that on February 15, 1884, Sir EDWARD THORNTON, her majesty's embassador at St. Petersburg, announced to Earl GRANVILLE that "his imperial majesty had determined to accept the allegiance which the representatives of the Merv Turcomans had sworn at Askabad, and to send an officer to administer the government in that region." England, of course, submitted. She was baffled and fooled, but she had no recourse, under GLADSTONE, but to submit.

And now comes one more step. Russia has by force taken possession of an important strategic point—Penjdeh—and now seeks to convince England that the natural and ethnological boundary between Russia and Afghanistan lies some 35 miles south of that place, about 80 miles further south than that now printed on the standard maps. If she succeeds in this, it but staves off war until she can get a firm grip over this new territory, accumulate stores there, perhaps extend the railroad from the Caspian to Penjdeh or some more favorable point. Then there will be another sudden advance, and Herat will be hers. Then England will be ready to fight, when it is too late. But, as was said above, it is hard to see how England can, with honor, acquiesce in Russia's last step; and the probabilities are that she will not, but that she will try conclusions with her rival at once.

IT is a fact to be remembered that while CLEVELAND is loud in his professions of civil service reform, he has selected the most prominent of his officials from among those Democrats who promoted his nomination and election, and is thus practically putting in operation the most obnoxious part of the spoils doctrine—that of using the patronage to reward his friends for personal services.

THE capital of West Virginia has been located at Wheeling for ten years. On May 1, it will be removed to Charleston, Kanawha county, on the Great Kanawha river, which will be the permanent capital of the state. Now cut out this paragraph and have your children paste it in their geographies, or they will go on learning that Wheeling is the capital for the next year or two.

A NEW die for the great seal of the United States is to be engraved at once, as the old one is worn out. The one now in use does not correspond in several points, it is said, with the description given in the statute authorizing it, and in these particulars the new die will be an improvement on its predecessor.

THE Oklahoma boomers have given up the contest, and will go home and settle down into law-abiding citizens until the government is ready to open up the lands for settlement.

THE Old-Testament revision is completed, and the revised version will be [illegible]

CURRENT EVENTS.

Pres. Cleveland refuses to pardon Gen. Swaim.——James H. Wardell, of New York, is designated to act as chief of the census division of the interior department.——The failures of the last seven days number 240, of which 215 were in this country and 25 in Canada.——The Augusta, Ga., Presbytery, after investigating the question of Dr. Woodrow's orthodoxy, finds nothing that warrants a trial for heresy.——Capt. O'Brien, of the steamer City of Mexico, on trial at New York for violating the neutrality laws, has been admitted to $3,000 bail. Mrs. Benjamin, sister of Commodore Perry, resides at Ames, Ia., but is now visiting in Lafayette, Ind. She is over 100 years old, and besides the distinction of having seen Washington prides herself on having 120 living descendants.——The loss of cattle in Southwest Florida the past winter is reported greater than in any other previous year, one stock raiser estimating his loss at 2,000 head. Pneumonia, a Georgia paper says, seems to have been the disease that played such havoc.——Postmaster Bailey, of Camden, N. J., has been suspended because he purchased two pianos and $1,000 worth of merchandise paying for them in stamps, and so increasing his apparent sales of stamps on which his salary depended.——The resignation of Treasurer Wyman makes it necessary to count all cash and securities in the public vaults at Washington. This task is to be performed by a committee of three, and will probably consume the first three weeks of May.——The 110-ton gun is approaching completion at Elswick, and preparations are being made at Woolwich for its proof trials. The gun will weigh 110 tons and the carriage 90 tons, the total weight of 200 tons being much in excess of previous undertakings, and special arrangements will have to be made in almost every particular. The gun will have a caliber of 16¼ inches; it will be 43 feet 8 inches in length, but it will only measure 5½ feet at the breech and taper to 26 inches at the muzzle. Three guns of the description are to be made for the British navy.——A volcanic eruption which caused the death of 100 persons is said to have occurred on the island of Java.——An incendiary fire wiped out the village of Perryville, on the Tennessee river.——Secretary Manning desires to transfer $35,000,000 in gold coin from San Francisco to New York, for which purpose Congress appropriated $100,000. The express companies ask $3.25 per $1,000 for carrying the treasure, but the Pacific Mail Steamship company made a much lower bid.——Miss Phœbe Vanderbilt, only surviving sister of Commodore Vanderbilt, died in New York city, Thursday, at the age of 70.——The Ohio Legislature has passed an act requiring that all executions in that state take place within the walls of the penitentiary.——At a meeting of influential land owners at London it was determined to form a large corporation to be called the "National Land company," for the purpose of securing a gradual breaking up of the "large parcel" system of land ownership now injuriously prevalent in Great Britain.——M. C. Flanders, the Kendall (Orleans county, N. Y.) astronomer, has written a letter asserting his belief that the moon is not a solid body, detailing his observations during the recent eclipse, and quoting authorities to sustain his position. Mr. Flanders claims that during the recent eclipse the semi-transparency of the moon was made quite evident by means of a telescope, sun spots being discerned through the moon's disk.——Boston gave free soup to 16,825 families last winter.——The lumber cut in Maine the past season was 135,000,000 feet, or about 10,000,000 feet less than that of 1883.——Andrew Carnegie, of Pittsburg, has been invited in writing by a committee of Liberals to stand as Liberal candidate in the coming parliamentary election for the northeast division of Edinburg and contest the district against the Rt.-Hon. George J. Goschen.——The secretary of the treasury has received from the Union Pacific Railroad company $916,704, of which $653,541 is to be applied to the sinking-fund account and $263,163 to the bond and interest account, in accordance with the awards made by the court of claims.——The number of steamers lost on the ocean during February were: American, 8; British, 11; French, 2; Spanish, 1; Norwegian, 1; Swedish, 1; total, 18. This number includes one steamer reported missing. Net tonnage, 16,501. Sailing vessels reported lost: American, 4; British, 44; German, 4; Austrian, 1; French, 4; Italian, 5; Norwegian, 14; Dutch, 1; Portuguese, 2; Swedish, 3; Venezuelan, 1; total, 83. In this number is included six vessels reported missing. Net tonnage, 25,177.——Gen. Henry J. Hunt has been appointed governor of the Soldiers' Home, Washington, vice Col.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

A Chicago Youth and His Noble Friend—Who Would Not be a Sailor—General News Notes of a Gossipy Nature.

Special Correspondence of the Blade.

LONDON, April 4, 1885.

Every body is anxiously awaiting the publication of the diary of the ill-fated hero of Khartoum, Gen. Gordon, but it is not likely that it will ever see the light exactly as he wrote it. If it does it will undoubtedly modify the opinion which has been formed as to his conduct in Khartoum. It will show that his action was often impulsive, erratic and unreasonable. Gen. Gordon, in fact, seems to have been over-weighted with his responsibility, and the abuses and blames everybody with whom he has anything to do. Attacks on the English government would of course occasion no surprise. Gen. Gordon's denunciations, however, are scattered all round, and it will be found that his own associates do not altogether escape. If the diary is published in full, it will throw a new light on the relations of the general and Col. Stewart. The storm of hero-worship which broke out on Gen. Gordon's death is already exhausting itself, and the publication of the diary in full would destroy a good many illusions. It is not probable that his friends will assent to the appearance of all that Gen. Gordon wrote.

CHICAGO ALWAYS TO THE FORE.

"For the past six or eight months one of the most regular attendants at the American exchange in the Strand has been a young man from Chicago, a typical Chicago Board of Trade boy. Bright, entertaining and the possessor of a monumental cheek he had many friends, not only among the Americans who frequented the exchange but among Londoners as well. One of the latter was an old lord, who, it was well known among us had fitted up a fine set of apartments for a lady-love, and kept a portion of his effects, jewelry included, at his Phryne's home. He is remarkable among his acquaintances for the fineness of his linen. One evening after a dinner at the family mansion—for this sad old boy is a married man, and has a family of grown-up daughters—he said to our Chicago friend: 'It seems to me that of all my friends you are the only one whose shirt-front resembles my own.' The young gentleman modestly allowed that he copied the excellent taste of his host in these matters. A few evenings afterwards the noble lord remarked to this same personage: "Strange, but those studs and sleeve buttons you wear are precisely like a set I bought in Paris two years ago." Again the young gentleman declared that he had never seen a duplicate set on his ancient friend, and had had them duplicated. A heavy cloud of suspicion rested on the old lord's brow, as remembering an engagement at his club he excused himself and left the room. In about an hour he returned and, taking his young friend aside, said tersely: "I have the greatest admiration for cool cheek, but you will do me a favor if, in the future, you will confine your taste for linen and jewelry to your own belongings. It is quite enough that I pay over $100 a month to provide you with a female companion, that you dine at my house three days in the week, that you sing duets with my daughters, and drink my wine, but I'll be hanged if I am going to keep you in shirts and jewelry." The modest young gentleman took the hint, but the next day a beautiful and unprotected girl received notice to quit from her landlord.

RAILWAY SERVANTS.

At the fourteenth annual dinner in aid of the Railway officers and servants' association, held this week, the annual report was read, some of the figures of which afford a striking testimony to the devotion with which railway servants of all grades carry out their arduous duties. During the past twelve months 365,000,000 passengers travelled on the railway lines in the United Kingdom, of whom 621 were killed or suffered injury in accidents. Of railway servants, on the other hand, there were killed and injured no less than 3,654. The association has been in working order since 1863, and during that time £45,000 has been distributed among its members. At the present time 68 pensioners are receiving £20 a year.

THE ROYAL SEAMAN.

Prince George of Wales, second son of H. R. M. the Prince of Wales, leaves the Royal Navy college at Easter, and is going to pass a few weeks on board H. M. S. Excellent, at Portsmouth, for a course of gunnery and torpedo instruction. We are always told that royal princes are treated just like other officers, but this would seem to be a fiction, for Capt. Fisher has absolutely been turned out of his ship in order to provide "suitable accommodation" for Prince George, for orders have been sent that H. R. H. is to occupy the captain's cabin as a sitting-room, while the adjoining cabin is to serve as his bed-room, and both are being handsomely refurnished for the occasion—presumably at the expense of the tax-payers.

A GILBERTIAN SLIP.

Even the best of us occasionally make a slip of the pen and my things we don't exactly mean us. The gifted author of "Pinafore," "Pirates of Penzance," etc., etc., is the latest victim. He wanted to warn pirates that his latest and most successful opera, "The Mikado," could not be performed by any one except the regular Savoy Theater company, so he placed the following on the cover of the libretto: "All performing rights in this opera are reserved. Single detached numbers may be sung at concerts; not more than two at any one concert; but they must be given *without costume.*" Let us stop there, pray. The italics are mine. You may safely assume that no songs taken from "The Mikado" will be heard at any forthcoming concerts. The condition imposed by the Savoy management is as good as prohibitive.

A PARISIAN ROMANCE FROM REAL LIFE

The following Parisian story is going the rounds of the clubs, and as it has been published in one of the society weeklies, it must be true: A certain Bourse Baron was jealous of Madame la Baronne, whom he had boldly married to serve as an advertising spouse, but with whom, to her horror, he fell seriously in love subsequent to their union. She understood when she was going to the hymeneal altar that she was every morning to ride in the Bois, to go to picture exhibitions, flower shows, and so on between one and five, then to take an airing in the Allee des Acacias, visit from five to six, dine at home or somewhere else *dans ses plus beaux atours*, and wind up by showing herself at the Francais, the Italiens, or the Opera House. It was to be her business to get her equipages, dresses, jewels, dinners, and receptions talked of in the high-life journals, and to attract to her house rich admirers whose names might have a good effect in financial prospectuses. But while drawing them on, she was to make them feel that she was worthy to act as a priestess of Diana; the Baron on no account was to be made ridiculous.

This sort of thing went on for some time; but feminine vanity at length got seated, and the baroness longed for simplicity and a spice of romance. In her muslin dresses she looked so captivating that her lord and master thought what a fool he had been to use her as an advertisement. This made him very wretched. He became possessed with the idea that

HE HAD A HIDDEN RIVAL,

and he applied to an *Agence de Renseignements* to obtain the verification of his misfortune. A large fee was demanded. Some weeks later the Monsieur Morin who had been sent to spy the lady called on the baron to inform him that a divorce case had been made out. He was a handsome fellow, and might have been an attache to an embassy. The notes in his memorandum-book, which were countersigned by witnesses to the facts they set forth, were to this effect: "Saw Madme. la Baronne X. enter a Maison Meublee in the Avenue d'Alba at one into the afternoon of Saturday, Nov. —. Saw an aristocratic-looking gentleman follow her in. Waited until six, when they both came out together. Heard them appoint to meet at the same place and at the same hour on the following Monday. Witnessed, with two other agents, their arrival at the house and their departure thence together. Witnessed a third meeting." "Perfect!" cried the Baron, "that is, if it can be all proved." "Oh, you may be easy on that score," replied the stylish detective. "I think I deserve a handsome reward, and as I am

IN IMMEDIATE NEED OF MONEY,

I shall be glad to receive it at once." "Certainly," said the Baron, who handed him several bank notes. "Another capital fact, which is not in my memorandum-book, remains to be told." "What is it?" "Before I tell it I shall I shall require a supplementary fee of 200 francs. I have not stated who it was the Baroness met in the Avenue d'Alba." "No; but that surely should be enspired in the information already given." "You may think so, but I don't." "Well, here's the money, now let me know the name." The bank-notes were coolly put away in a pocket book, and then the gentlemanly-looking agent astounded and confounded the baron by saying: "It was I. You and your wife washed against sundans your wife, which would enable you to divorce her. I was directed by my employers to obtain it by hook or by crook. As I could get nothing to go upon, I fabricated her absence, and seized the part of a disgusting citizen, and brought her to have pity upon me. I have nothing more to say."

The suit was brought against the Baroness. Before it came on, a third and bouncing fee was demanded by the handsome agent as an indemnity for being obliged to appear in a compromising character. But throughout the facts of this case were stranger than fiction. The lady threw herself

ON HER KNEES IN COURT

before the chief witness, whom she vowed she had never seen before. He appeared painfully agitated—as well he might; if what she said was true, he had let himself in for a charge of swindling, which liability was explained to him by the pursuer's counsel. The Baroness continued to weep, implore, and deny. The judges were all *affeudris*, and the president appealed to the moral feeling of witness; and not in vain, for he said, in answer, "It is never too late to repent. I have cruelly wronged the lady. She is perfectly innocent. But I was in distressed circumstances; was offered a large bribe to make her out guilty, and yielded to the temptation." The young man has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for calumny. The lady is suing her husband for conspiracy and cruelty. It is quite on the cards that, if she gets a divorce and remarries, it will be to the penitent detective.

GENERAL GOSSIP.

If Russia and England get to fighting over the Afghan boundary the dispute may cause some queer complications in the royal families of Europe. The wife of the Czar and the Princess of Wales are sisters, and the Duke of Endinburgh married a sister of the reigning ruler of Russia. If, under these circumstances, the wife of the royal duke should take to making faces at her mother-in-law, and the Princess of Wales would bet her pin money on the Russian bear, the consequence might be dire to contemplate.

The queen always sleeps in a wooden bed of a particular shape, and made up in a special way, and whenever her majesty goes to a strange place, a bed and its furniture are despatched from Windsor for her use. Two were sent off from the workshop at the castle last week, the one for the queen's cabin in the Victoria and Albert, and the other has gone to Aix-les-Bains. There is already one of her majesty's beds at Darmstadt; it was sent out when she was there last year.

We have heard lamentable tales lately about the discomforts which "the nobility and gentry" are suffering in consequence of the "depression," and things must indeed be very bad when, last Thursday, at Christie & Manson's, the late Lord Wilton's champagne realized only 250s, 300s, and 410s per dozen; while the claret was given away at 160s and 175s per dozen. Evidently we are living in very hard times.

It is said that Lord Durham has been advised to procure the passing of a private act of parliament for the dissolution of his marriage, on the ground of his wife's insanity. The cost of such an act is estimated at about £3,000. PAUL CHAPUIS.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

How Ulysses S. Grant Came to be Sent to West Point.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I see in the BLADE much deep feeling manifested over the truly great sufferer, Gen. Grant. A scrap of his early history may not come amiss. I may have aided in getting him into the military school at West Point. In the fall of 1837, I taught the only school in Georgetown, Brown county, O. U. S. Grant, then about 15 years old, attended that five months' term, (as also did the younger children). He was quite industrious, and inclined to talk but little. When I had spent one year in that town, and was about leaving, the father of U. S. Grant said to me: "I do not know what to do with U. S." I asked him why, and told him that Ulys. was a good pupil. "Oh, yes," answered his father; "he takes to books well enough, and to horses most too well; but he don't take to farming worth a cent." I then asked him, "What does Ulys. (that was his home name), wish to do?" He answered: "He wants to go to West Point and graduate, but there is no need of any more soldiers." I then begged him to send him, and asked him, "Can you get him in?" "Oh, yes; Thomas L. Hamer, our Congressman, will get him in." I said, "Send him," and he him good-bye.

I did not then think I was pleading for a boy whose developed manhood would pale all other individual history.

B. S. BOYDSTON, M. D.

Clunette, Indiana.

A Winter in Florida.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I have been a resident of the North all my life, never having been any further south than Virginia, my home at present being in Minneapolis, Minn. Last February the firm of builders to which I belong took a contract to build a cottage at this place, and I, with a party of workmen, left the cold weather behind and came to this truly wonderful country, where it has been more like spring than anything else.

I had an idea that no one ever went to Florida except the rich, or those in search of health, or perhaps, some one coming here to die, but I found upon my arrival here that the poor can live here and make a good living far easier than they can North. I have been here since February 11, and scarcely a meal but what we have had new vegetables fresh from the garden; and every day a large number of boxes of "truck" are shipped North, which bring fancy prices.

When we arrived here the people were gathering and shipping their oranges, and I can assure you it was a singular sight to see the beautiful, symmetrical trees, with their dark green foliage, and their wonderful wealth of bright orange—a sight always pleasing to the eye. The trees are now in bloom, and as one passes through a grove the odor is almost intoxicating. There are a great many twigs of orange blossoms sent North by mail. They are kept moist by inserting the end of the twig in a piece of Irish potato.

Those who purchase generally clear their land, plant a grove and go to raising vegetables for the Northern markets. I have been studying this problem and have come to the conclusion that a young man, with his life before him, can make a living easier here, and get something ahead for old age better than in any other state. An orange grove which has come to bearing is just as sure to bring an income as twice two are four.

But the best of this country is in the climate and the inhabitants. The former is unsurpassed. The community is settled by people from Alabama, Georgia, the Carolinas, Virginia and some of the other Southern states, with occasionally a Northerner, and I must say that for genuine hospitality and friendly feeling I never met their equal. C.

Descriptive Letters from Various Points.

Northern Alabama:

I have been through Tennessee, Mississippi, Georgia and Alabama, on a tour of investigation, with a view to a location. I find that the majority of the people in the South aim to live from their wits, hence the owners of land will "sork" you if they can in a land trade. There are also a number of land jobbers, real estate tricksters, etc., who have all the vices and none of the virtues of the Western land sharks. As many of these real estate agents are wholly irresponsible, and do not own $50 worth of property in the South, and as they have neither conscience nor a soul, the emigrant had better look for responsible parties before they turn a wheel. There are rich valley lands in north Alabama, cheaper than any place south, and the best part of this valley is north and west of Decatur. The people here are raising all kinds of northern products, but no cotton. They raise grain, grass, fruit and fine horses.

Lucas county, Iowa:

For sixteen years I have been a resident of Southern Iowa, having emigrated to Lucas county from Illinois in 1868. During that period I have seen this county emerge almost from a state of nature, and become one of the most beautiful and pleasant spots of our progressive and charming state. The surface is undulating with good timber along the water courses, and an abundance of good coal underlaying the whole country. Cleveland and Lucas are large mining towns, where coal can be purchased at from $1.35 to $3 per ton. Charlton, the county-seat, is a beautiful city of more than 3,000 people, with railroads radiating toward the cardinal points of the compass. The county is abundantly watered and the soil fertile. Fruits of all kinds are grown in profusion, and find a ready market at the great mining centers. Cereals are a staple production, and for grasses it cannot be excelled, consequently stock-raising and the dairy receive much attention. All the best breeds of cattle here are fully represented, and horses, both native and imported, carry off the best prizes in the state. There is no wild land of any consequence that is suitable for farming purposes, but the very best of improved land, with good buildings and plenty of fruit, can be purchased at very reasonable rates. To those who wish to go into the stock-raising business, either horses, cattle or sheep, this county offers special inducements. As a bee country it is unsurpassed anywhere in this latitude, honey being one of the staple productions. The best of schools instruct the coming citizen, and churches are abundant and well attended. The county is overwhelmingly in favor of prohibition and the law is well enforced.

Cherokee county, Iowa:

I would be one of many to advise the [illegible]

avoid those counties which have herd laws, compelling every one to keep their stock in pastures. Farming—on a small scale, especially, unless stock is kept, to eat up cheap feed—is not an independent, much less, a paying business.

East and west of us are herd law counties, and though they each have a much larger per cent of farming land than Chautauqua, there has been ten times the complaint of hard times, among their farmers that there has been here.

Sedan is the county seat, and is a growing town of 1,200 inhabitants. A fine new stone school house, and a large opera house are in course of erection. We are off the line of a railroad, Moline on the Southern Kansas, being our shipping point, but we hope soon to hear the neigh of the iron horse. Now is time for new-comers, because they can buy both farms and city property cheap, but as soon as the railroad is built property will almost double, not perhaps in value, but in the price set on it. Many of the people here are natural pioneers who are bound to move on West and get away from civilization, and will sell cheap for that reason.

I do not write this because we have anything to sell, but because I would like to see some of the valuable immigration which will pour into Kansas this season from the Eastern states, stop at our lovely town and help us build up a good community.

McPherson county, Kan.:

McPherson county has a larger proportion of good land than any county in this state. We raise more wheat and broom corn than any county in the United States. We often wonder that farmers can be content to stay in the eastern states to grub among stumps and stones, and spend a lifetime to get a piece of land not half as good as ours, which any industrious man can make pay for itself in from three to six years—land that will produce 40 to 90 bushels of corn; wheat, 20 to 50 bushels, and oats 30 to 115 bushels per acre. We have good schools, society, churches, but not a rum-hole in the county; and I would say to any one thinking of coming to this part of the state: If you can't get along without your toddy don't come here, for the only way you can get it is to stand in with some snide doctor and get him to give you a prescription on a drug store. You may be able to play that for a few times, but that will soon play out, and then you will have to go dry. Prohibition does prohibit in McPherson county.

Douglas County, Oregon:

I have lived in this part of Oregon (Douglas county) for nearly ten years, and have never known the mercury to get above eight degrees above zero, and then only for a few days; have never seen the ground covered with snow more than six days at a time. There has only been about fifteen nights that there was frost, the grass being green all winter. All kinds of cereals, except corn, do well here, and vegetables grow in profusion, although this is not as well adapted to a farming as a stock country, on account of the unevenness of the surface. Fruits of all kinds do well here and are of the finest quality. Peach, plum, and pear trees are now beginning to bloom. Society in many places is equal to that in the Eastern states; we have good schools and some good churches. We have in this state some 30 posts of the G. A. R., most of which are in a flourishing condition, with nearly 1,000 of the boys enrolled who stood by their country in its darkest hour.

Crawford County, Arkansas:

This part of Arkansas is quite a flourishing country and constantly improving. Emigrants of the best class are settling in our midst, and when once here they are very apt to stay. There are some of the finest bodies of land here in the United States. Nearly everything can be raised here. All kinds of vegetables grow in the greatest abundance and perfection for which a ready market can be had here, or they can be shipped cheaply to Kansas City or St. Louis. Cotton grown in this country is said to be the finest in the state; corn is always a sure and fine crop; wheat and all small grains grow well; pears, apples, and small fruits yield abundantly, and too much praise cannot be said about our magnificent and lucious peaches. Two crops of Irish potatoes and early Amber sorghum can be easily raised in one year. Sweet potatoes grow enormously large and abundant which are put in potato houses made expressly for them, and in the spring sell from $1 to $3 per bushel. So you see we can raise everything to eat and boose except coffee, and milk is a good substitute for that. There has been a great deal said about the sickly swamps of Arkansas, which may be the case in some places, but it is not so in this locality. The river bottom lands are very fine, and productive, and vegetation grows so rank that those who come from the Northern states and are not acclimated, often during the fall months have chills, which is about the worst sickness that prevails, being otherwise as healthy as the uplands. I have been here four years and my home is in the uplands. We have had fine health. We have fine churches, splendid schools, good residences, kind neighbors, and the "Arkansas traveler" would get plenty of information were he to come this way, for we read the BLADE and are up with the times. The people here are the soul of hospitality, new comers always finding a hearty welcome, and there are plenty of good Republicans here, all our county officers being Republicans. The Democrats here have none of those strange prejudicial notions which exist in many parts of the South. Politics makes no difference in friendships here.

Some Utterances on Prohibition.

A. W. Burkhardt, Yellow Springs, Md.

Permit me, along with many approving thousands of your subscribers, to congratulate you upon the noble stand you have taken in the cause of God and humanity, against that damning blight of our national and political prosperity—the rum curse—which like a large millstone bangs around the neck of civilized society to weight its progress down. Long may the keen edge of the BLADE continue to smite with vigorous blows, the gigantic moral monstrosity of the nineteenth century, until one by one are severed the long and slimy fingers of this national political octopus, which, within its demoralising and demoniac influences, has grasped with deathlike clutch so many truckling politicians, and even biased the mind of professed Christians, warped the decisions of jurors, and soiled the judicial ermine with false judgments to protect the rum power and fasten its deadly grasp upon society still tighter. Go on! thou bold pioneer among the secular press, in the good work of moral reform; others will follow, and the day is not far distant when from every mountain top and valley gorge will come a grand army to battle in the cause of truth and right and home, against the serried hosts of avarice, dissipation, crime and hell!

Go on! nor let the glorious work be stayed,
Until the victory's won, ne'er sheathe the Blade.

A Nation truly free, will be the prize;
Let all assist "Rum's power to *Pulverize!*"

S. B. Frostle, East Waterford, Pa:

Pennsylvania is waking up to the evils of intemperance. A bill has passed both branches of the legislature and is awaiting the signature of the governor to become a law, making it the duty of every teacher in the public schools of the state to teach physiology and hygiene, with special reference being made to the effects of alcohol, stimulants and narcotics upon the human system. The law is to take effect January 1, 1886. I approve of your plan to crush the Rum Power.

E. S. Hulin (no postoffice.):

I have been working for the BLADE for over four years, and though I have sent you but few dollars, yet when it is not more than one in five who can read, i. e., intelligibly, I feel that I have done well, and as the times have shut down hard, I shall only strive the harder, for I feel that every effective blow for the BLADE is a blow against the rum power.

The Blade as an Educator.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

The temperance department of the BLADE is full of interest, and like all the others, abounds with wholesome and profitable instruction. I think the paper one of the best educators in the country. The temperance article in the number of March 12, interested me particularly, which with similar ideas I had previously read, by other writers, led me into a train of reflection, and I could hardly resist the inclination to send a few thoughts for the encouragement of temperance workers.

That the rum power is guilty of all that is laid to its charge cannot be denied. But there is a power behind that of rum, subtle and insinuating, that is potent for evil, exercised in almost every community, and quite as much in need of being "pulverized." It may result from a combination of causes, a caste production perhaps, a sort of home power wielded by those in the higher walks of life, and to the detriment of the less fortunate and more particularly of inebriates and their families. It is seen to crop out in schools, in little partialities shown by teachers, reinforced by home influences and manifests itself towards the better equipped children to the injury of those of inebriated parents, and is the moving cause of their being treated as outcasts, shunned and sneered at. Under these circumstances, is it not at all surprising that they fail to attain a high moral standard, or to become learned and useful citizens. Indeed, it would be rather wonderful if they did, though in many instances these obstacles are overcome, and the children of the deepest drunkard do grow up to respectable, learned and useful men and women, despite their unfortunate surroundings. Occasionally

the struggle for equality which they are denied with the better class, it may be true that the majority "graduate at the college of the indecent, the resort of bruisers and ruffians." Nature's laws are irrevocable. We do not "gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles." Nor can we secure reform by laboring to remove the effects instead of the causes of evil. It is too much like doctoring symptoms, while the citadel of disease is left untouched; or dooming our friends to the hemlock, and our Savior to the cross; trampling the golden rule in the dust; boasting meanwhile of our Christian civilization, at the same time frown upon the innocence of childhood with prisons and gibbets. We establish social customs and make laws discriminating in favor of wealthy monopolies and against the laboring poor—the strong and prosperous as against the weak and unfortunate—and with the money wrenched from the hand of poverty, we build palaces of intemperance, and authorize criminal temptations to degrade virtue and exalt villainy; crown the robbers of the poor with garlands of honor, license saloons for the lowest vices where vulgar passions are pampered until they culminate in crime and then hang the criminal we have made.

If the history of criminal jurisprudence justifies the foregoing representations, it will be seen that the stigma which attaches to the child of the drunkard is not altogether due to its parentage, but rather, in part at least, to the foreordained decree of society itself. The question arises, How shall we remedy the defects in our social system? I can think of no better way out of it than to "cease to do evil and learn to do well." It is not contingent upon license or no license.

But why toy with an evil we wish to be rid of, by giving it license? We revolt at the idea of licensing murder, robbery, theft, gambling, prize-fighting, arson, libertinism, yet we do it most effectually when we license the rum traffic. Therefore, I am in favor of prohibition to the fullest extent. But, is there either good sense or propriety in restricting the sale or manufacture of alcohol as a beverage, while we continue to gulp it down as a medicine, or buy of druggists the nonsensical alcoholic preparations with which the world is flooded by professional mountebanks? Is there any hope of recovery for the sick in taking what kills thousands of well people? Most cordially do I endorse the sentiment, "pulverize the rum power."

A. W. W.

Burnham's, N. Y.

Dr. R. C. Flower.

Last week we published in our columns the route of this eminent physician for the next sixty days. Later advices from the doctor informs us that he will stop at the St. George Hotel in Granville, instead of the Allen House, and on account of the recent fire in Cleveland at the Stillman House, he will not stop there at all.

Prohibition in the South.

Editorial in the New Orleans Times-Democrat:

The agitation in favor of prohibition or temperance legislation which has swept through the country, and especially through the Northwest, during the past two years, has greatly affected the South, as we have already shown. There has, indeed, been as much anti-liquor legislation South as North of "the line," but whereas in the latter section this has taken the form of acts of the legislature affecting the people of the entire state, in the South the prohibition has generally been of the "local option" order, each county, town or township being granted the right to decide whether it will permit the sale of liquor or not. Under the present temperance wave great numbers of Southern counties and towns have pronounced against licensing, and there has probably never been so much prohibition in the South and so little liquor drank in proportion to the population as now.

It begins to look as if the Prohibitionists would force themselves as prominently forward into state politics in the Southern states, as they have already done in the North. A meeting was held in Nashville, Tenn., two or three days ago, with an idea somewhat in that line of view. The meeting was an influential one, no less than 31 state senators and 19 representatives being present. These gentlemen thought it possible to secure legislation that would restrict and suppress the liquor traffic, and it was decided to hold a state convention in Nashville, February 25, to devise such means as would best forward the cause of prohibition in Tennessee. While this call does not look forward to the organization of a new political party wholly on the basis of prohibition, it would seem to indicate that in Tennessee, as in Ohio, Indiana, Kansas and other states, prohibition is to be taken up as an important political issue, and forced into the politics of the state. An attempt of this kind has been made before in several Southern states, but never in so vigorous a manner or so strongly backed as this.

Publishers' Column.

THE BLADE'S PREMIUM LIST.

Books, Pictures and Watches.

We publish five books, as follows:—

"NASBY IN EXILE," the travels of D. R. Locke in Europe, one of the most entertaining books of travel ever written. Old Price, $3.50.

"ANDERSONVILLE," a Story of Southern Prisons, by John M'Elroy. This is the only correct history of Southern prisons ever written and one of the most entertaining as well as truthful books ever published. Old price $3.00.

"OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES." The best book of recipes and the most reliable ever printed. It has always sold for $2.00.

"HEALTH AND BEAUTY," by Miss Emily S Bouton. There is no more valuable book ever written for women and girls. It contains plain and reliable directions for attaining and retaining health and beauty and is indispensable. Price $1.00.

"SOCIAL ETIQUETTE."—Another book for the young of both sexes, by the same author. All the forms and observances of good society with the reasons for and the philosophy thereof, are plainly stated. Every young person should have this book, as well as a great many old ones. Price $1.

THE GREAT STEEL ENGRAVING OF BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. —This magnificent steel engraving was never sold for less than $10, and it is richly worth it. It is the most valuable steel plate with one exception, that was ever engraved, and should be on the walls of every house. In 100 tableaux it tells the whole story of the Pilgrim's Progress.

THE WATERBURY (NASBY) WATCH. —There is no necessity of making any comment upon this marvel of cheapness and excellence. We have sent out thousands of them. Regular price, $3.50.

NOW READ THESE COMBINATION OFFERS.

We have given you above the regular prices of the books, pictures and engravings. Below we state what we will send them by mail for, either singly or in combination with the BLADE. Read carefully so as to make no mistake:

"NASBY IN EXILE," by mail, postpaid..... $2 00
"NASBY IN EXILE," and the Blade one year. 2 75

"OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES," by mail, postpaid..... $2 00
"OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES," and the Weekly Blade one year..... 2 90

"ANDERSONVILLE," by mail, postpaid..... $2 00
"ANDERSONVILLE," and the Weekly Blade one year..... 2 75

"HEALTH AND BEAUTY," by mail, postpaid. $1 00
"HEALTH AND BEAUTY," and the Weekly Blade one year..... 1 90

"SOCIAL ETIQUETTE," by mail, postpaid.... $1 00
"SOCIAL ETIQUETTE," and the Weekly Blade one year..... 1 90

THE STEEL ENGRAVING, "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS"..... $1 25

THE STEEL ENGRAVING, and the Blade one year..... 2 00

THE WATERBURY WATCH, by mail, postpaid..... $3 50

THE WATERBURY WATCH, and the Blade one year..... 3 50

Every family in the United States ought to have the BLADE and all these articles.

Address BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE BLADE'S TEMPERANCE CARTOONS.

To Temperance Workers, Societies and Organizations.

The BLADE, months ago, conceived the idea of instructing the people in the Temperance cause by means of appeals to the eye. To the end of arousing public sentiment we have issued two cartoons, for posting, the first of which has been scattered all over the United States. Of this one we sent out, gratis, nearly 100,000, which is our contribution to the great cause.

BLADE CARTOON, NO. 1.

"Do You See Any Good coming Out of It?"

This is a very forcible picture. In the center is a bottle labelled "Whiskey," though a label is unnecessary. From the mouth of the bottle issues a vapor which separates in four forms, representing Poverty, Crime, Disease and Death. Poverty is represented by a ragged, emaciated woman, with a child clinging to her skirts, and another in her arms. Crime is represented by a burly ruffian, with a knife in his hand, and a look of fiendish hate on his face. Disease is represented by a man with a hideous face, and Death by a skeleton. Each figure is pointing to the bottle, and the question is asked, "Do you see any good coming out of it?" The answer is found in the fact that the vapor which issues from the bottle is a curse to humanity. Every person should have this picture, as well as the following one.

BLADE CARTOON, NO. 2.

"Which Way Would You Have Your Boy Go?"

A series of pictures, commencing with the face of a beautiful three-year-old, who starts in life on an equality with all other three-year-olds. On the upward line comes first the clean-faced boy of 10 on his way to school; next, the young, ambitious student of 18; then the young soldier of 21; then the middle-aged, strong man of 30; and, lastly, the hale and hearty old man of 70.

The contrast is another line of pictures, viz: The street boy already under the influence of rum, with the stub of a cigar in his mouth, at 10, the hoodlum at 18, the barroom loafing ruffian at 21, the tramp and criminal of 50, and the broken-down vagabond of 70.

There can be no more forcible presentation of the subject in pictorial form, and no cartoon can be devised that will better tell the whole story and do it at a glance.

BLADE CARTOON NO. 3.

"Which Way Would You Have Your Girl Go?"

Our next Cartoon, which is now rapidly being mailed, is entitled, "Which way would you have your Girl Go?" It contrasts the life of a girl who marries a sober man with one who weds a drunkard, and is quite as effective as those that have preceeded it. All who have had the other two should have this.

We have made a price on them, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either..... 6 cents.
Six copies..... 10 cents.
Twenty-five copies..... 30 cents.
One Hundred copies..... One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

We want them pasted up so that they will stay, in every shop, store, factory, and on fences where they will be seen, in every section of the United States. There must be a temperance sentiment developed, everywhere. The people need awakening. Order them—the cost is barely nothing.

Send in your orders at once, and when received post them where they will be seen. We shall follow these with others.

DO YOU WANT TO EARN A FEW DOLLARS?

A New Life-Like Portrait of General Grant.

To Gentlemen and Lady Canvassers, News Boys, News Dealers and Peddlers, or to all who wish to earn pocket money:

We have published an entirely new and accurately correct portrait of Gen. Grant, carefully reproduced from a late photograph. The portrait is printed on heavy plate paper, size 19x24, and we guarantee it the most life-like ever offered to the public. It will be a superb work of art, and every loyal family in the United States will want one of these portraits of the great hero. It is well worth fifty cents, and should be sold at that. But *at twenty-five cents*, any active person could canvass an ordinary neighborhood, and sell forty or more in a single day. There will shortly come a time when agents can sell them as fast as they can be counted out. We want an agent in every town. We will supply agents with these portraits in quantities, by express. Already we are receiving hundreds of orders a day. The portrait is from a photograph taken within six months, and is the one the old hero prefers to be remembered by. Write us for prices.

PORTRAIT OF GEN. GRANT.

Every loyal family in the country wants a life-like portrait of the great Union warrior and patriot. To supply this want we have procured a late photograph of the General, the best and most life-like ever taken, and have it engraved and printed in beautiful form. It is in suitable form for framing, and is also only a valuable memento of the great man, but a beautiful ornament for any room.

It is printed upon heavy plate paper, 19 by 24 inches, and sent securely packed to any address upon receipt of price.

As there will be an immense demand for this really superb work of art, orders should be sent immediately. It is now being mailed.

The portrait is worth 50 cents, and cannot be had at the picture stores for less. We are publishing it for the benefit of our patrons, and shall send it as follows:

Portrait alone..... 25 cents.
The BLADE one year with portrait..... $1 15

Every one will want the portrait. We guarantee satisfaction. Order at once, so as to receive it as soon as possible. Agents wishing to purchase in lots of one hundred, write for terms.

SEND US THE NAMES OF YOUR FRIENDS.

We ask every subscriber to the BLADE to send us the names of his friends who do not take the BLADE, everywhere. We don't care how many—the more the better, nor does it make any difference where they are. The BLADE circulates everywhere and a name from Texas is as good as one from Maine. Send us names.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress—Ornament Your Homes.

The beautiful steel engraving of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress is the finest ever made, with one exception. It is a series of tableaux on one plate, 100 separate scenes, illustrating the progress of the Pilgrim from his home in the City of Destruction to the Heavenly Mansions. It cost to engrave $20,000, and was sold originally for $10. We own the plate, and we send it securely packed by mail for $1.25, or, with the BLADE one year for $2.00. There is no more beautiful ornament for the home, and nothing so valuable as an aid to the proper understanding of Bunyan's allegory. We have sent out thousands of them, and every recipient has been delighted with it.

CHEAP AND VALUABLE BOOKS.

The five books we announce elsewhere contain more valuable information for the money than any like number of recent publications. Any person remitting us $1 for "Health and Beauty" or "Social Etiquette" will be so well pleased that they will be sure to follow with an order for the other books.

NASBY IN EXILE

Is one of the most entertaining and instructive books ever printed. We have reduced the price, either in combination with the BLADE or without, and so it is the cheapest and best book on the market.

OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES.

Every family in the country should have this standard work. It is a collection of recipes, every one of which has been tested, covering the needs of the household for everything. See announcement on 5th page.

It costs only a trifle to cover a township with our Temperance Cartoons, and they are war-cries. Each one is a temperance sermon. The whiskey sellers hate them, therefore send for them.

THERE is a tremendous demand for our portrait of Gen. Grant. It is taken from a late photograph, and is the most satisfactory one ever published. Send for terms to agents, if you want to make some money.

IT costs only a trifle to paste a township over with the BLADE Temperance Cartoons, and we shall not rest till every section is covered. Send for an assortment of them and see that they are properly posted.

SEND for our cartoons, and see that they are put where they will do good. Nothing better has been published since the first blow was struck at the whisky traffic.

WE are sending out about a thousand a day of our two cartoons. See rates and end for them.

The Chicago Board of Trade.

In an interview Pres. Blake, of the board of trade, said the bill introduced in the Illinois legislature to repeal the charter had its origin among the bucket shop interest, which the board had been fighting for years to prevent them receiving the board's quotations and gambling on them. The bill gave him no commission; he did not think the legislature would give it, as many members of both houses were members of the board.

THE

Connecticut Mutual LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Does not seek to draw new members by any speculative inducement.

It seeks to insure only those men, who, having families or other dependents that need protection, wish to give that protection in its most absolute, simple, and reliable form, upon the most secure basis and at its lowest cost.

To such men it offers a policy issued upon a more conservative basis than that of any other company, but with no higher average premium:

A policy so framed that, in case one becomes unable to pay further premiums, it becomes at once fully paid up for an amount stated on the policy; so that pecuniary embarrassment or misfortune does not cause one's family to lose any possible benefit from the payments actually made; but, on the contrary, in such case the fullest benefit therefrom is secured to the family needing the protection, and is not forfeited, in whole or in part, to any favored class: there is no speculation in the forfeiture either of reserves or of surplus; but each one's family receives all the insurance the entire money he has paid in will purchase:

A policy so framed that, in case insurance becomes wholly needless, it can be surrendered at stated periods for amounts stated on the policy, which amounts are the entire reserve, less only a proper surrender charge, to which would be added any accumulation of surplus.

The company is strictly mutual, without a dollar of stock; it divides surplus annually, thus reducing the cost of insurance to the members in each year to its actual cost to the company.

Its risks are carefully selected, wholly within the northern half of the United States; its affairs are managed with caution, prudence and economy.

Its policies are payable thirty days after receipt of satisfactory proofs of death; and are as liberal in every respect as is consistent with the rightful protection of honest insurers against dishonest claims and attempts at fraud.

It had January 1, 1885, gross assets of the full value of

$53,430,032.91

of which

$4,121,824.57

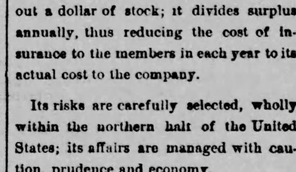
was surplus by a higher standard of solvency than is in use by any other company or by any Department.

It offers no "estimates" of profits; but asks an inspection of the policy itself as a model of protection to the family and of equity to the premium payer.

ROBERT H. KELLOGG,
Gen'l Agent for Ohio,
COR. FIFTH AND WALNUT STREETS,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

The Blade and Scales.

For the benefit of farmers and others who have difficulty in securing good scales, THE WEEKLY BLADE offers the following:



"THE LITTLE DETECTIVE," as represented above, with or without scoop. Scale (without scoop) and WEEKLY BLADE one year, $3.00, which is just the price of the Scale.

This little scale is made with Steel Bearings and Brass Beam, and will weigh accurately any package from ¼ oz. to 25 lbs. It is intended to supply the great demand for a Housekeeper's Scale. Nothing of the kind has ever been sold before for less than from $8 to $10. Every Scale is perfect and will last a person's lifetime.

It is also valuable in every office for weighing mail matter. There is no better Scale made for Postmasters, as it is as nicely adjusted as any Letter Balance.

REMEMBER, with WEEKLY BLADE one year, only..... $3

The Household.

EDITED BY EMILY S. BOUTON.

Correspondents in writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give your name and post-office address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to correspond by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper. Write SMALL. Do not interline. Write SMALL.

WOMAN'S WORK.

WHAT CAN SHE DO?

XXVII.

A good many women who are wondering where they are to get the money to take care of themselves, and in many instances their families, can raise poultry. By putting as much energy into the work as is often expended in complaining of the hardships of life, they could make a success of it, and thus solve the problem of self-support. Not that it is a business which will thrive with a little attention each day, no study, and small effort. "Anybody can raise chickens" is an idea very apt to prevail. Well, it is true, anybody can, *providing* she has brains, energy, a willingness to work, and thrifty business habits.

I have tried to impress it upon you as an axiom that there is no royal road to success in any occupation, and it is emphatically true in poultry raising. And yet its possibilities are so great for women who are living upon farms or have considerable ground around their houses, the results are so certain with the right kind of management, that I cannot refrain from doing more than merely recommending it to my readers; I must urge it upon their attention.

Says "Fanny Field," who is a representative woman in this business as Nellie Lincoln Rossiter is in silk culture:

The early years of my married life were spent in cities, and from the difficulty I often had in getting fresh eggs, and chickens that were not superannuated old hens and roosters, and from the prices paid when I did get what I wanted, I concluded that there must be profit somewhere—especially as I knew something of the cost of raising poultry on a farm. Later we lived in a village where I kept poultry to supply our own table with eggs and chickens, and my husband kept a few fancy fowls because he liked them and could afford to indulge in that somewhat expensive amusement. Later still, we met with pecuniary losses, my husband's health failed, and we moved to a farm where we raised thoroughbred poultry for sale and for exhibition. As he grew worse the general oversight of the business and the business correspondence naturally fell into my hands, so when he died I was tolerably well qualified to take up the work he had dropped. Just how much capital we had to start with I cannot say, because beginning as we did the business grew—a little here and a little there. But I do know that if any woman wants to go into the poultry business she can, if necessary, make a beginning with one old hen, and a dry goods box for a poultry house.

This is the opinion of one who was self-trained for her work, and who has a clear income from her poultry farm alone of $1,500 to $1,600 a year, and this, although she now hires *all* the work done, in order that she may devote herself to her literary duties as assistant editor and correspondent of several poultry journals.

In a recent article in the *Poultry Keiser* she tells of an experiment made with one acre of ground devoted exclusively to the production of poultry and eggs for market. She says:

A distant relative, a boy of 17, somewhat broken down in an overdose of school, wanted to try his hand at the poultry business, but had no capital to start with. I agreed to furnish money enough to put up the houses and fences, and buy the fowls and feed enough to begin with, provided he would run the business for one year according to my notions, and render a separate account of everything. He literally "jumped at the offer;" his father gave him the use of an acre of land, and "we" went to work—i. e., Frank did the work and I did the "bossing."

Did he do all the work? Yes, he did; every stroke, except during one week in the winter when he was confined to the house by a severe illness. I was the time when $3 was paid for work. When team work was needed he had the use of his father's horse, but he paid his father in work, so there was no cash outlay.

Did the care of the poultry and the crop occupy all his time? Well, I suppose I might lie about it and tell you that "twenty minutes a day was sufficient for the care of the poultry," except when the chicks were quite small; but that wouldn't benefit me any—or you either—so I will stick to the truth. During the winter and up to the time when the hens began to come off with the chicks, the care of the fowls occupied from three to four hours daily; the remainder of the work he worked as he expressed it, "all where from five to twelve hours a day." Of course there was not much of what one would call downright hard work. The time not occupied with his poultry was mostly spent in helping with the lighter part of the general farm work. His father considered that he did enough of such work to pay his board; so you see that the $446 62 profit on the poultry was "all clear gain" to Frank.

Of course without experience the first year's profits might not be so large as this, but it shows what may be done, while the probability is, if near a good market, the sum would be largely increased each year following. She concludes the history of the experiment thus:

The rears thousands of farms where an acre devoted to poultry would bring in more cash than all the rest of the farm. An acre devoted to the keeping of hens for eggs alone can be made to pay a clear profit of from $100 to $150 a year according to location, and if devoted to the spring chicken business, I firmly believe that an acre of land, near a good market for early broilers, can be made to pay a profit of anywhere from $500 to $5,000 a year.

It is not necessary, however, to commence with an acre. You remember what was said farther back that a beginning might be made with "one old hen and a dry goods box." In truth, if you have no experience, it would be far wiser to commence in a small way, and then if you become discouraged the loss will be little. By watching the peculiarities of a small number of fowls, learning their wants, and how to care for them, you will become fitted to enlarge your business without fear of pecuniary loss, besides assuring yourself that it is the work which you want to do. You will find that it needs time and patience to get good returns, and that you must be always upon the alert to learn what is new, ready to make real improvements, but not quick to adopt changes unless you are quite certain that they will be an advantage.

Money has been lost in the poultry business by people who have had capital and gone into it with a large outlay. The most expensive houses for the poultry were built, when they would have thrived just as well in those costing one-third as much. The thing is to know where and when to spend money, and that can only be learned by experience—another reason for the advice given to begin on a small scale.

One thing is necessary, and that is to buy choice fowls and those adapted to the particular purpose for which they are raised. To illustrate my meaning: Two women living in the same neighborhood both kept fowls as a source of income. One had something over a hundred chickens of the common kind, which she tended in the old way without much care or thought as to whether there might be any improvement. The other had made chicken raising a study. She took the best journals devoted to the subject. Her fowls were purchased with judgment, and of the best kind with reference to their laying capabilities. She had about 100. A year ago last winter the first brought what eggs she needed for household purposes, while the second was getting 60 eggs a day and selling them at 40 cents a dozen. In this way she had managed in a short time to pay off a mortgage upon her home of $2,000. I know this to be a fact. It is poor economy to buy poor stock or poor food. In these things the best are not too good. Of course there are fancy fowls for which an extravagant price is asked, that it would be better to let alone in starting.

If you are going to undertake this business, get all the information that is possible from persons who have had experience, and from books by practical poultry keepers. Then make your purchases of either eggs or fowls from some one whose reputation for business honor is established, and you can therefore depend upon receiving what you pay for.

While I believe this to be a most excellent business for women to engage in, I do not want to be understood that the results are not sometimes disappointing, even when the utmost judgment and care are used. There is nothing which is not influenced by circumstances beyond our control. An epidemic may sweep off your chickens when the prospect seems the most brilliant. In every kind of business there are fluctuations, the ups and downs that come into all life. Yet as a whole for those who will enter it with a will, determined not to be dismayed at obstacles, especially for those who have the ground near their own homes to spare, it is certainly a most promising occupation.

In order to help women who want to undertake this work "Fanny Field" has promised to write a series of articles for the HOUSEHOLD, and the first one will be found under the head of "Correspondence." With her ready pen and thorough, practical understanding of the subject, they will be most valuable assistance to beginners.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Card Receiver.—Sift a quantity of coarse sawdust to rid it of fine dust. Then take a small wooden dish of any shape that you like, cover it with glue inside and out, and then sprinkle the sawdust all over it thickly. When it is thoroughly dry it may be gilded or silvered as preferred. Any one who paints will add to the beauty by leaving the bottom on the inside smooth, and then painting upon it a little spray of flowers.

Some one asks the question whether any floor mats are described in "Fancy Work and House Decoration." There are several very pretty ones. Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and get the pamphlet, post paid. When the present edition is exhausted, it can no longer be obtained.

So many questions have been asked about fabric or Kensington painting of late that Mrs. Thompson has consented to write a series of articles for this department which we trust will answer them satisfactorily.

Fabric Painting No. 2.—Table Scarfs.—If you are doing fabric work for sale, table scarfs and wall hangings seem to be most readily disposed of. Something new in the way of an end for a table scarf is two owls on a branch with the motto below: "We're From the Owl Country." Velveteens are now so well finished that they are almost exclusively used instead of silk velvet for scarfs. Felt is also very popular, and upon either of these fabrics first-class painting may be done. The perforated paper pattern from which to stamp this design would probably cost 40 to 50 cents. First, stamp design carefully on goods; then stretch goods on smooth pine board, holding it at corners with artist's thumb tacks. One end of the scarf may be pinned up carefully out of the way, as one end must be painted and dried before the other can be begun.

The materials which will be required are Winsor and Newton oil colors in tubes; silver white, emerald green, Vandyke brown, permanent blue, ivory black, lemon yellow, Chinese vermillion, one bottle pale drying oil, small bottle boiled linseed oil, two long handled bristle brushes—one fine and one medium size.

This is a handsome design and the owls are dressed in costume. Begin by painting the hat, using pure emerald green, adding one drop each pale drying and boiled linseed oil. When the hat proper is dry, paint the band with Chinese vermilion. The eyes of both owls should be mostly white, with a brown spot in the centre. After the eye has been once painted, and that coat is dry, retouch, for even in an owl a little expression is necessary. Paint the claws with vandyke brown, to which just a touch of yellow has been added. For the breasts of both owls use yellowish brown, made by mixing white, yellow and vandyke brown, making the breast of the male a little darker by adding more brown. Paint the wings with pure vandyke brown; when this first coat is dry mottle the wings with white. Add only one drop of linseed, and no drying oil, to the white, with which you wish to mottle. For the tails use ivory black; when this is dry retouch with vandyke brown. Around the head and face use white, yellow and brown, taking up a touch of each color alone, blending in as nature or a good owl study may suggest. Paint the old lady's cap white, edging the frill with Chinese vermilion.

Paint her necktie with light blue, made by adding a little white to permanent blue. Edge the necktie all around with Chinese vermilion.

For the club sticking in hat of male owl mix a little each of yellow brown and white, having your paint as nearly wood color as possible. A pin point of brown will be enough to add in with a touch of each of the other colors. For the shillalah use pure emerald green. The branch on which owls are sitting may be painted with Vandyke brown, in which just a touch of white and yellow has been mixed. The leaves on branch may be painted in two shades of green, chrome and emerald mixed, shading a little with pure chrome.

There is a great variety in owls, and they may be painted somewhat different from this if desired. The design is very effective on cranes, or rich brown velveteen, or on French felt, in either of these shades. The brushes may be cleaned before dipping from one color to another, by rubbing in a little turpentine.—MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON.

Crocheting Star Stitch.—This stitch is pretty for crocheted afghans, or it can be used, in chestnut or split zephyrs, for tidies and sacques—for light summer head-wraps. Begin with a chain of the length needed for your work.

First row—Make three chain stitches. Put your crochet needle in the next to the last stitch of the chain and draw the wool through it. This makes two loops on the needle. Put it in the next chain, and draw wool through as before. Repeat this till you have worked through five chain stitches and have six loops on your needle. Then catch the wool and draw it through all the six loops and make one chain to close the stitch. This completes the first star or pattern stitch. Now put the needle through the loop on which you have just drawn up the six loops, and draw through the wool; take up the thread at the back of the sixth loop in the preceding star and draw through the wool. Put your needle into the same stitch of the foundation chain in which you worked the sixth loop and draw through the wool. Draw the wool through each of the next two stitches of the chain. You have now six loops on the needle. Draw the wool through all to close the star, with one chain as before. Repeat the directions for this second star till you have finished the row; then break off the wool.

Second row.—Tie the wool to the beginning of the row and make two chain. Draw one loop through next to the last chain; a second loop through the stitch by which you tied in the wool; a third through the loop to which the wool was fastened, a fourth through the thread lying at the back of the first loop in the first star of the preceding row, a fifth through the hole in which all the six loops of the star are drawn together, a sixth through the next two threads which are the first loops of the second star in the preceding row; a seventh through the hole where the second star is drawn up. You have now eight loops on your needle. Draw the wool through all, and close this star as before. The star of eight loops is only worked at the beginning of each alternate row. All the remaining stars of the row are worked in the loops—one in the stitch just made to close the star; one in the first loop of the star of the former row; one in the back thread of the sixth loop; one in the hole in which the last loop of the preceding star was worked; one in the first loop of the star of the former row, and one in the hole where the star was drawn up. There are now 6 loops on the needle. Draw up the star as before, and repeat to the end of the row. When you have worked what looks like the last star of the row, that is, when you have drawn the sixth loop through the hole in which you drew up the last star of the preceding row, you must work the seventh star of six loops. Begin as before, and draw the work through the stitch just closed; next through the back thread of the sixth loop; then through the hole into which the sixth loop was worked. You have now four loops on your needle. Close this small star as before, and break off the wool.

Third row—Join in the wool at the beginning, and work as you did in the beginning of the 2nd row, only, instead of working on the middle of the 2nd star and making 6 loops on the needle, close after you have worked the 6th into the middle of the 1st star. The row ends also with a 6 loop star, ending in the center of the small 4 loop star.

The 4th row is like the 2nd, the 5th like the 3rd, and so on. This keeps a straight edge. Remember, in this stitch you do not work backward and forward. All begin on the same side. A very pretty afghan was made with this stitch in shaded blue and brown.—F. B. C., Farmington, Coun.

Correspondence.

POULTRY RAISING FOR WOMEN.—NO. 1.

To all women who desire to do something by which they can support themselves wholly or in part, and who have, or can have, facilities for poultry raising, these articles are addressed, and that they may be the means of helping women to help themselves, is the earnest hope of the writer.

The best way—and the surest in the long run—to earn money is to produce something that people want, something that will sell at a fair advance on the cost of production. Good market poultry and fresh eggs are staple articles, as much as wheat, cotton, corn, beef, pork and potatoes, and will always sell at fairly remunerative prices; but while the cotton must be grown "down South," the wheat cannot be profitably raised except within the "wheat belt," this farm has no good "corn land," and that one will not grow potatoes profitably, there is no part of the United States where some branch of poultry raising may not be profitably carried on.

Poultry raising is one of the few ways by which women who live in country places can support themselves and lay aside something for the "rainy days" that come to all; and since it can be carried on without seriously interfering with the household cares and duties that fall to the lot of the women who live on farms, it is especially adapted to the needs of the farmers' wives who, for various reasons, desire to do something that will bring money into the family treasury. There is but little work connected with poultry raising that women cannot do better than most men. A woman may not be able to build poultry houses, or drive the posts for the poultry yard fences, but it is not necessary that she should be able to do such things; we might as well say that the housekeeper should be able to build the house she lives in, or that the seamstress should know how to make a sewing machine, or that the farmer should be able to make his own plow and other farming implements. Poultry raising does not require any great amount of mere brute strength, but it does require patience, gentleness, unceasing, watchful care, and a close attention to minute details, and for this reason women seem especially fitted for the work.

But the women who propose to engage in poultry raising must not go to the other extreme and imagine that it is what one would call "easy" work—merely a pleasant way to earn a great deal of money in a very short time, and that, too, without any special effort on their part, or that it is work just suited for women in feeble health who desire to do something by which they can earn money enough to piece out slender incomes. It is with poultry raising as with any other occupation that women may engage in,—the ones that make the money—the successful ones, are the ones that do the best work and the most of it, and in order to do her best a woman must possess her full power of health and strength. Let one of these s mi-invalids work among poultry as I have done from five in the morning till nine at night, and, although she might not do any work that would require any great expenditure of physical strength, she would find that the constant care, the continual looking after the little things, that, when taken separately, could hardly be called work, would be "dreadful wearin'" when taken all together. But, without doubt, these half-invalids would be greatly benefited by anything that would take them out into the open air and sunlight, and away from the contemplation of their physical woes; for this reason, and not because I think they would derive any pecuniary benefit from the work that they would be able to do, I advise them to try some of the lighter work connected with poultry-raising, provided they have any natural liking for the care of fowls; then, if their health improves under the influence of out-door air and exercise, the work can be increased in proportion to the gain in strength.

And the fortunate ones who start in with a full stock of health, strength and "spunk," must expect to meet with some discouragements along the way. Poultry-raising is not, as some poultry writers would have us believe, a "royal road" to wealth; there will be many obstacles to overcome, and many things to learn that one can only learn by experience, before the poultry raiser will find herself on the high road to success; but remember that there is nothing connected with any branch of poultry raising that a woman of average intelligence, who is determined to succeed, may not master; no obstacle that she may not overcome, that other women have made a success of the business, and the same amount of work, energy and perseverance that would enable one to win in any other calling that comes within the scope of ordinary abilities, will bring success in this.—FANNY FIELD.

WIFE AND I.

The garnered years are seven
Since we were wed,
In life's enchanted morning
How time has fled!
Some cloud, but more of sunshine
Has filled our sky;
Flowers, too, have shed their fragrance
For wife and I.

We've had our cares and crosses,
(And who has not?)
No mansion ours, our dwelling's
An humble cot;
But oh! there's that within it
Wealth cannot buy,
Love ruleth and abideth—
Dear wife and I.

We hear the ceaseless patter
Of little feet,
And boyish shout and laughter,
What sounds more sweet?
And when our days are done ones cluster
About our knees,
We feel, of all earth's treasures,
None are like these.

One face all smiles and dimples,
(Tears of break thro',)
And one like morning sunlight,
Brown eyes and blue,
When God makes up His jewels,
And sets each gem,
May He in His great mercy
Remember them!

We scarce have reached the portals
Of life's full noon,
But ah! the lengthening shadows
Will fall e'er soon!
This prayer we fain would utter,
That when we die,
Our souls may meet together—
Sweet wife and I.

South Bend, Ind., 1877.

SEVEN YEARS LATER.

Twice seven fleeting cycles
Their course have run,
Since beamed on life's fair vista
Our vernal sun;
And scrubbed clouds of sorrow
Have dimmed our sky,
Relieved by gleams of sunlight,
For wife and I.

Withheld from us hath Fortune
Her golden showers,
Yet, breathe their grateful fragrance
Some wayside flowers;
And as we journey onward,
Hand clasped in hand,
Our noon-tide cares are lightened
By Love's command.

Our blue-eyed boy is sleeping
Where lilies bloom,
And now, where erst was brightness,
Lies deepest gloom.

Just when our home seemed dearest
Was visit the loan,
But whispers Faith, "Be steadfast,
God willed it so!"

Ten years our pride and blessing,
Then—love a last kiss;
Too frail he seemed to buffet
A world like this;
But oh! his boy sister,
With eyes of blue,
May never know the brother
So kind and true.

Full many hearts are breaking
For dear ones lost,
Whose little feet thus early
Death's stream have crossed;
God grant that households sundered
'Mid tears and sighs,
May all find sweet reunion
In Paradise.

—J. A. AULLS.

South Bend, Ind, 1884.

Inquiries.

Can "Artist" or any one else tell me whether the same kind of paints that are used in oil painting are used in painting on china or velvet? Also a cure for cold sores.—ALZADA.

Please answer through the HOUSEHOLD where books can be procured that treat on sephyr and feather flowers.—E. S. N.

We do not know of such, but some one of the HOUSEHOLD may. "Dr. Carlin's Recipe Book," among other excellent things, has a short article telling how to make feather flowers.—ED.

Will some kind reader of the BLADE please give instructions how to crochet or knit infants' hoods?—A SUBSCRIBER.

Will the editor or some one of the HOUSEHOLD please tell me where I can obtain a system of calisthenics, as taught in the schools twenty years ago?—ROSA.

Would some of the sisters be so kind as to tell me how to make "potato work?" I have seen the work but have no idea how it is done.—ELLA.

Dr. Chase's is the "Recipe Book," which can be had by sending $3 to Locke Publishing company, Toledo, O., says:

Arrange on a sheet of fine uncalendered drawing paper a boquet of pressed leaves, trailing vines, letters, or whatever you wish to have appear white. Wet a tooth-brush in India ink, and draw it across a stick in such a manner that the bristles will be bent, and then quickly released. Spatter the leaves and paper over and over again, puting the most ink on the center of the pattern, and shading carefully toward the edges. When sufficiently spattered remove the design, and the forms will be found accurately reproduced on the tinted background. Some draw the brush over a small piece of wire gauze, and think the work is superior to that produced in the other way. These delicate designs in white on a softly-shaded ground, are very beautiful. ED.

Will some reader of the HOUSEHOLD kindly inform me how to pick out hair for wearing a switch? I know of no way only to pick them out one by one and that is very tedious.—A. J. D.

Will some one please tell me how to extract the oil from sunflower seeds in a cheap way? Also give a recipe for making soap from the oil, and if it needs refining before it can be used for lubricating purposes? If so, how is it done? And please tell me how to make celery salad: also how is parsley used for garnishing? Why is it that temperance people do not add tobacco to their pledge? How can any one be temperate and use any thing so vile and useless as tobacco?—A FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE.

Can some one tell me the most hardy and prolific variety of strawberry which will be suitable for Northern New York; also the best time to set out plants?—A SUBSCRIBER.

Can some one inform me through the HOUSEHOLD what are the complementary colors? and why called complementary?—C. O.

Will you please ask Daisy Deane to correct her rat pattern for tidy? As given in HOUSEHOLD there is a mistake at the 26th row. Can not make it come out right, and would like very much to have it.—MRS. L. D. FARMIN.

Will you or some of the readers of the BLADE please give me the address of the highest officer in the Ladies' Loyal League of Honor?—MRS. G. H. O.

I wish to ask if any of you have used sulphuret barium, and what was the result? My sister lives in New York and tried to get it, and a prominent chemist in New York said it would injure the face and would look far worse than superfluous hair. Please let us hear in regard to this, as there are several anxious to know.—A NEW ER.

It will not injure the skin if used according to directions. In fact it is the safest depilatory to use, and for that reason was given in the HOUSEHOLD. It is not a certain remedy, being effectual sometimes, and sometimes a failure, like every other remedy for disease. This is really a disease of the skin and should be treated as such. The most certain cure is electricity, which burns the hair out at the roots, but it requires an expert to do it, and the process is very expensive. Should the sulphuret of barium be used to excess, or be allowed to stay on longer than the directions say, it would burn the skin, and make a sore. We trust this will answer the many questions in regard to the matter.—ED.

Will some reader of the HOUSEHOLD give me some reliable method for cleaning a white cashmere shawl?—MABEL WINPENNY, Swanton, Fulton Co., O.

Answers to Inquiries.

Please make the following correction in "Peerless Lace." The second row should have an "o" before the last "k 1." Then the fourth row should have an "o" after the first "n." The last row has a big mistake in it, so I'll give it in full: Tenth row —o—n—k 1—slip—o—k 3 tog—o—n—k 1—n —[o—k 3 tog—o—n—k 1—n—o—n—]x 2 That part inside the brackets was all omitted. In "Spiderweb Lace" I find one mistake. In the third row after the "n twice" should be an "o." I am very sorry to have these mistakes occur.—ROTHA.

If "Massie" will put 3 or 4 qts. of molasses to the barrel she will soon have good vinegar.

Mrs. A." will add cayenne pepper to tar plaster she will find it much better.—SYLVIA HART.

In reply to those parents whose daughter has the measles cough, get 2 ozs. of dandelion with 1 of Greek valerian, steep or boil into tea and drink warm two or three swallows at a time four times a day. If they cannot get the valerian I will get it and send it to them, and if any have failed to get the seed send me word by me I will replace it if told of it. I would like to plant the seed in all the HOUSEHOLD gardens.—S. D. BROSIUS.

Ella, I would like to say a few words in regard to the insect powder: I do not see where the expense is, for my part. Five cents' worth will last a long time, and pays for itself every time. It can be made without making any dust, with a little care, and is as good for bed bugs as for flies. I would rather use it if it does make a dust than to wait two years for a woodbine shade to drive them away. If you want a shade start a sweet potato vine in a bottle of water and have a shade soon instead of waiting two years for one.—TOPSY.

This is the way to make soap with concentrated lye, but if your lye costs 10 cents a can, as it does here, you might almost as well buy soap. Dissolve ⅝ can of lye in a kettle half full of hot water—two gallons or more, and 2 lbs. grease—the cleaner the better, boil slowly about three hours, stirring occasionally; take out some in a saucer, let cool; if white scum raises on top when cold, add more lye and boil a little longer; the scum is grease. When done it ought to be strong enough to trim a feather readily before diluting. Add enough hot water to make 7 gallons of soft soap. Set away into keg and it is ready for use, but it requires a long time to cool. Never put your fingers in soft soap unnecessarily, it makes them rough; use an old spoon.

For burns and scalds, first apply linseed oil, then dress with flour and lard every day until well. Mix as much flour into the lard as you can spread on old muslin with a case knife; apply and burn.—E. S.

Will Belle Bryning try stretching her collars, cuffs, neck-bands, etc., cross ways?

Here is my easy way of making Graham bread: ½ cupful baking molasses, 1 pt. sour milk, 1 heaping teaspoonful soda, 1 teaspoonful salt. Stir well, then put in your flour without sifting. Bake slowly for an hour with a cover, which remove just before it is done.—MILDRED.

Several readers of the BLADE have asked how mucilage can be made of white glue. Break the glue fine, put it in a bottle and cover with sharp vinegar. It will dissolve in a week or two, and will keep indefinitely if closely corked.—X. Y.

Tell "Sufferer" of piles to take a teaspoonful of sulphur once a day. I have tried it, and find it good.—PHEBE A. GAMMON.

To "E. F." If you will wash the nickel plate on your stove with strong soap suds until the spots come off, and then polish with a newspaper, you will be pleased with the result.—E. V.

Recipes.

Cocanut Drops.—½ lb. cocanut, ½ lb. powdered sugar, ½ lb. of flour, whites of 3 eggs. Bake in a quick oven.—ETOILE.

Soft Ginger Bread.—This I know to be very good. 1 cupful sugar, 1 cupful of molasses, 1 cupful sour milk, ½ cupful butter and lard (skim) mixed, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in milk, 3 cupfuls flour, ginger, allspice, cloves, cinnamon. Bake in moderate oven. Do not move while baking. Please try it.—TRESSA.

Potato Salad.—Here is a recipe for potato salad, which I think superior to the one published a few weeks ago. Peel and slice cold boiled potatoes, enough to fill a dish, salt and pepper to taste. Heat ½ a cupful of vinegar, and a lump of butter. Beat the yolks of 2 eggs in a teacup, and fill the cup with thick sweet cream. Stir into the hot vinegar, stirring until it reaches the boiling point, then pour over the potatoes; mix well. To be eaten cold for supper.—ELM.

Hot Cross Buns.—3 cupfuls sweet milk, 1 cupful yeast; flour enough to make a stiff batter. Set this sponge over night; in the morning add 1 cupful sugar, ½ cupful melted butter, ½ nutmeg; tablespoonful of salt; flour enough to roll out like biscuit; knead well and set to rise 5 hours; roll ½ an inch thick, cut into round cakes and put into the pan. When they have stood ½ an hour make a cross on each one and put into the oven instantly.—BRAMBLE.

White Cake.—One cupful sugar, ½ cupful of butter—unmelted, creamed with the hand—½ cupful sweet milk or water, 1 cupful flour, ½ cupful cornstarch, or 1½ cupfuls of flour, if starch is not handy, 1 heaping teaspoonful of baking powder mixed in flour; stir these all together, and lastly, add the whites of four eggs beaten stiff as for frosting. Bake in loaf, or it is nice for lay or cake.—MARY.

Suffolk Pudding—is made by taking 9 large apples and ¾ pound crushed sugar. Take the cores carefully out of the apples without breaking them, and fill up the empty space with sugar. Place the apples in a deep dish, with the eye uppermost, and pour over them a batter made of one cup sour cream, one cup of water, one egg, and saleratus enough to sweeten. A little more or less flour than is used for pancakes. A little nutmeg or lemon flavoring to taste. Bake in a quick oven.

Our Young Folks.

For the Blade Young Folks.

A WEDDING IN THE GARDEN.

BY KELLY BOOTHE SIMMONS.

There's a party in the garden; have you had an invitation?
Yes, the great Sir Tiger Lily is to wed my lady Rose.
It's *the* marriage of the season, for, in name and reputation,
Both the high contracting parties equal any flower that grows.

And they've summoned to attend it, all the loveliest, stateliest flowers.
And the bobolinks and thrushes are to sing a matinee;
So the blossoms all are trooping to the leafy, shady bowers,
Where the wedding feast is set forth in magnificent array.

Shy arbutus from the woodlands, violets for little pages,
Asters tall, and stately zinnias, bursting in their pompous pride,
Honeysuckles, sweet and clinging; sunflowers, looking wise as sages,
And, for priest, a calla lily, portly and self-satisfied.

Dainty lilies of the valley, mignonettes so pure and tender,
Gladioli, stiff, unbending, keeping order in the place;
And, for bridesmaids for my lady, white-robed lilies, tall and slender,
Gliding swiftly to their stations, bowing with exquisite grace.

Gay, old-fashioned pinks and larkspur, with the quaintest of demeanor,
Morning-glories, bright and sunny, drooping Canterbury-bells;
Pale wild roses—country cousins!—hearts ease—timid little dreamer!
Buttercups and nodding daisies, marching upward from the dells.

All the birds are gath'ring swiftly, flying lightly to their places,
Perching on the leafy tree-tops, talking o'er the gala-day,
Getting up some mild flirtations, showing off their pretty graces,
Gossiping about their neighbors, just to pass the time away.

But, because Sir Tiger Lily can't endure his vulgar humming,
They have sent no invitation to their friend the Bumble-bee;
And the slight has made him furious, and he vows that he is coming,
And he'll treat them, for their rudeness, to a fine charivari.

Hark! I hear the blue bells chiming, ringing out the wedding-peal,
And a hush, profound, expectant, settles o'er the waiting throng.
Listen! softly on the breezes floats the chorus hymeneal,
As the birds upraise their voices in a grand, triumphal song.

A VOYAGE IN THE AIR.

"Paul! Paul! come down—do! The Frenchman has brought his balloon to Mr. Brooks's big lot, and they are filling it from a tank in the shed."

"Is it a big balloon, Walter?" asked Paul, thrusting his head out of the window and looking down at the boy below.

"A monster," replied Walter. "Are you coming?"

"Yes," said Paul, disappearing from the window.

In another moment the two friends were hurrying along the road together. Presently they reached a large grassy field where a great number of people were assembled to watch the filling of the balloon. Placards were pasted on the neighboring fences announcing that Monsieur Le Clerc, for the sum of one dollar apiece, would allow the public to ascend to the height of 600 feet above the earth.

When Paul and Walter drew near they saw that there was a cable attached to the car of the balloon, which ran over two pulleys, and then around a windlass which was securely fastened into the ground. A horse was standing near, waiting to be attached to the windlass to draw the balloon back to earth.

"That's Mr. Le Clerc," said Paul, pointing out a small man with bright, black eyes and a heavy gray moustache, who was busily engaged in examining the cable, pulleys, and the apparatus for filling the great silk bag with gas.

"I know him. He is as nice as he can be. Let us go and talk to him."

Paul followed by Walter, found his way to the Frenchman's side, and said:

"Good afternoon, Mr. Le Clerc."

"Is that you, my little friend?" replied Monsieur Le Clerc, with a pleasant smile.

"Is the balloon almost ready?" asked Paul.

"Almost," said the Frenchman, glancing upward.

"What kind of gas is it filled with?" asked Paul.

"Hydrogen gas," replied Monsieur Le Clerc. "Do you see that pipe running from the neck of the balloon to the shed? The gas is forced from the tank in the shed into the balloon until it is nearly full, then the pipe is taken off, and the mouth of the balloon fastened up."

"And when you want the gas to come out, do you take off the fastening?" asked Walter.

"Oh no," replied Monsieur Le Clerc. "Do you see that cord hanging down in the car? Well, that cord runs through the balloon and is attached to a valve which is kept closed by a spring. When you pull the cord, it opens the valve and lets out the gas."

"How delightful it must be to float above the earth like a bird!" said Paul, looking at the balloon longingly.

"Would you like to make the trial trip?" asked Monsieur Le Clerc.

"Yes, indeed," replied Paul, "if Walter could go with me. But—"

"But what?" said Monsieur Le Clerc. "It is perfectly safe."

"That is not it," replied Paul. "But I have no money with me."

"Never mind that," said the Frenchman. "I will only send you up a short distance, and use you as a kind of advertisement. You can tell all your acquaintances how pleasant it was. This time you shall go alone; when the balloon takes the full trip I shall be obliged to accompany every party myself."

"Thank you," said Paul. "Walter, will you go?"

Walter nodded his head and smiled.

After this the two boys waited impatiently until the preparations were completed.

They climbed into the little car, and Monsieur Le Clerc gave the order to start. Breathless silence held the spectators for a few seconds, and then, when the monster arose, controlled only by the cable, which unwound as the balloon ascended, they gave a loud cheer.

The boys looked over the side of the car, and saw the people and objects grow smaller and smaller, and they began to feel just a little frightened. But after a short time they grew used to the new sensation, and began to point out to each other the tent and familiar objects, such as the school-house, the church, and the small stream that wound in and out among the bushes and trees like a glittering snake. As they were laughing and talking merrily they felt a slight jar, and a yell arose from the crowd below. Looking down, the boys perceived all were hurrying about, waving their hands as if in the wildest excitement. And they heard the Frenchman shouting, but they could not make out what he was saying.

"What can have happened?" said Walter.

"Perhaps the horse has run away."

"Oh no!" replied Paul. "But I think Mr. Le Clerc has concluded to let us go higher than he intended to at first, and the people are pleased. Wave your handkerchief, Walter."

"That must be it," said Walter. "Just see how high we are now."

"Who would think that 600 feet would seem so high!" said Paul, growing puzzled. "See Paul, the people look like little ants crawling around," exclaimed Walter.

Paul looked downward steadily for a few moments; then he turned a white face to his companion, and said:

"Walter, what is that floating out below us?"

"The rope, I think," replied Walter. "It is not fastened to anything," said Paul.

"Do you think the balloon has broken away?" asked Walter, his eyes growing large with astonishment and fright.

"Yes," said Paul, in a low voice; "that is just what has happened."

The two boys sat perfectly still, and watched the earth below them as it seemed to float quickly away, although not a breath of air stirred around them. Suddenly everything was shut from their sight by a thick gray mist.

"What has happened now?" whispered Walter, drawing closer to Paul.

"I think we must be in a cloud," replied Paul, shuddering.

"A moment ago I could hear railroad cars and a bell, but now it is dreadful still," said Walter, beginning to cry.

"Don't cry, Walter," said Paul. "That won't do any goood."

"But suppose we never come down again!" sobbed Walter. "We may be miles and miles away from home and never find our way back."

"I don't care, so that it is earth again," replied Paul. "There must be some way of going down besides being pulled back by a rope and windlass. What was that Mr. Le Clerc said about letting out the gas?"

"Something about a valve and a cord, but I did not pay much attention," replied Walter.

"I remember now," cried Paul. "The valve was on top, but the cord that opened it hung down in the car somewhere."

"Where is it?" said Walter, looking up and down [illegible]

[illegible] the cord had in some way become entangled in the net-work which covered the balloon. It was not more than seven feet above their heads, but it was entirely out of their reach. So Paul sat down again, and looked at Walter.

"It is no use to try," said he, with a white face.

After a while they arose above the cloud, and saw it hanging below them, while over their heads the sky shone out a dark and ovely blue.

"How cold it is!" said Walter, shivering. This made Paul think of something he had once read of two men who had taken a journey in a balloon, and one of them had become insensible from cold when at a great distance from the earth.

"We must get that valve cord!" he said to himself; then he began to look around him and think. Then he suddenly cried, "Walter! Walter! I know a way to reach it; I will sling it."

"But you haven't any twine long enough!" said Walter, hopelessly.

"I have the piece I saved from my kite this morning."

Paul then produced several yards of twine, wound on a stick, and tied his knife securely to one end of it; and presently the two boys almost forgot their peril in the excitement of trying to throw this sling into the loop made by the entangled rope. Meanwhile the balloon drifted higher and higher, and farther and farther westward.

After a great many failures, Paul succeeded in reaching the cord. Then they pulled it within their hands.

"Now we are saved!" cried Walter, clapping his hands.

Paul pulled the cord gently, for he thought perhaps there might be danger of letting too much gas out at once. For some moments the boys could not tell what effect this had; but presently the air around them became much warmer, and they were again enveloped in a thick mist.

Walter was in despair. He slipped off of the bench, and, seating himself on the floor of the car, covered his face with his hands.

Presently Paul, who had been earnestly looking over the side, said, "Walter, I think we must have dropped a great distance."

"Why?" asked Walter, trying hard to keep his voice from trembling.

"Because we are in the clouds again," replied Paul.

"Are we?" said Walter, raising his head. As he looked up he caught sight of something under the seat. "Here is a queer kind of anchor," cried he, pulling at a rope attached to a great hook with a number of prongs.

"An anchor!" exclaimed Paul, with some surprise. "What is that for, I wonder!"

"Maybe if we let it over the side the balloon will go down faster."

"I don't think so," replied Paul, glancing down again. Then he cried out, "Oh, Walter, we are below the clouds now. I can see a river with lights on it just below us."

"Then don't let out any more gas, Paul. We shall be drowned if you do."

Paul let go of the valve cord, and the boats seemed to fly away beneath them, and they passed the river in safety.

The balloon had sunk so low that now they could distinctly see the roofs of houses; but it had grown so dark that no one observed the balloon.

The lights and houses grew more and more scarce as they passed over dark fields and woods. They could see branches of the trees bend, and hear the wind howling among them, and the two boys knew that they were being driven along through the air at a rapid rate.

"If we can not stop the balloon," said Walter, "we shall be torn to pieces by the branches of those trees when we get a little lower."

Just then the little car they were in gave a lurch which almost threw them out. The boys seized the nearest rope and looked down. They were directly above a thick forest, and one great pine, taller than the others, had almost overturned them.

Paul and Walter stretched out their hands to grasp the branches, but in an instant they were wrenched away, and the balloon rushed on again.

"Perhaps that hook will help us now," said Paul, suddenly remembering the anchor. "I will haul on the valve cord, and when we come to thick trees, you let the hook right down among the branches."

Paul peeped down into the darkness, while Walter held the anchor suspended over the side of the car.

"Now!" cried Paul, and the anchor went crashing down among the crooked branches of an immense sycamore. Then the balloon flapped backward and forward like a great wounded bird, and presently the boys saw and felt the leaves around them, and then the car turned completely over. Both Paul and Walter were thrown

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions answers and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Information Wanted.

EGGS—COLIC—Will you or some one of the many readers of the BLADE give a recipe for saving eggs. Likewise a cure for colic of different kinds in horses?—A. SCHNEIDER, Beswick, Pa. [When newly laid, eggs are almost perfectly full, but the shell is porous, and the watery portions of its contents begin to evaporate through its pores the moment it is exposed to the air, so that the eggs become lighter every day. To preserve the interior of the egg in its natural state, it is necessary to seal up the pores of the egg air-tight. This may be done by dipping them in melted suet, olive oil, milk of lime, a solution of gum arabic, or covering them with any air-tight varnish. They are then packed in bran, oats, meal, salt, ashes or charcoal powder. As to colic in horses, it is caused by improper food, sudden changing of diet, exhaustion from overwork, drinking cold water when heated or exhausted, constipation, worms, and ulcers of the stomach, etc. The only rational and safe treatment of the colic is first to relieve the pain with an opiate, and next to obtain a free action of the bowels by a purge, which is not violent in its action. For the first of these it is recommended to give half an ounce of laudanum in warm water, and the second from five to ten drachms of aloes.—ED.]

FENCE POSTS CEMENT.—Can any of the readers of the BLADE tell me of any good and cheap way to prevent fence posts from rotting? Is there anything they could be coated with; also the boards used to make flower beds? Stone is scarce here, and the boards get rotten in about three or four years. So, what will prevent the cement on a cellar from cracking in the winter, caused by the frost, I think?—MRS. L. P., Iowa.

EGG EATERS.—Simon Logan wishes to known what will keep hens from eating their eggs.

GRUB AND WIRE WORMS.—Will you tell me how to prevent grub and wire worms from eating the roots of corn after it begins to sprout?—WM. PIPER, Palmyra, Wis.

GRAPES—RASPBERRIES.—Please inform me through the BLADE how I can raise grapes to the best advantage. Also what kind of ground is best adapted to the cultivation of raspberries.—C. M.

CURCULIO.—Has there ever been a sure preventive of the curculio stinging the plum found out yet? If there is, will you please print it in your paper soon, as it will benefit a subscriber to the BLADE?—FRANK VINSON, Everest, Kan. [We believe not. This is said to be good: Spread a sheet under the trees, jar them and kill the curculios that fall. The jarring should be commenced when the plums are as large as peas and be continued daily, for several days, or until the insects become scarce. As this is an important thing, the editor would be pleased to have a short article from some one of the readers of the BLADE as to the best mode of fighting these pests.—ED.]

WHAT IS THE MATTER?—Will some one please tell me what is the matter with my mare? She is lame in one of her hind legs. When she stops she sets rests her leg on the toe, and when she trots she limps some. Something like starch runs from her nose. If any one knows a cure, I would be glad to hear from them soon.—J. ANDERSON, Tabor, Kan.

WHAT WILL PREVENT THEM?—Will some one please tell what will prevent worms from destroying cabbage and ground cherries. Also how to raise celery and asparagus?—I. I. LEMS, Liberal, Barton county, Mo.—[The new remedy of using ice water for killing the cabbage worm is easily tried, by placing blocks of ice in a watering pot of water, and showering the plants early in summer.—ED.]

Answers to Inquiries.

CODLING MOTH.—Your Pennsylvania correspondent complains of wormy apples. It is the codling moth, and the remedy is to kill him, which we do in the following manner: Take open-mouthed vessels, oil tin cans are handiest; nail to apple tree high enough to be out of the way of hogs. Take of molasses water and cider vinegar about equal parts; put a little in each can, wet it often and skim out moths. Replenish often enough to keep in working order.—FRANK POORE, Burlingame, Kansas.

G. M.—The BLADE does not give free advertising to pump-makers or any other class of men who manufacture goods for profit. This will also answer C. L. B., who inquires about a beewax extractor.

J. S. Egbert, Cuyahoga county: As a remedy for May beetle, place a sheet under the trees infested with the pests, and jar the tree early in the morning when the beetles are torpid. Large numbers of them will fall into the sheet, and should be killed by throwing them into scalding water. As they are are attracted by a light, a simple trap is a light placed over a tub containing some water, on which there should be a thin film of kerosene.—[ED.

W. J. Cook writes the BLADE an excellent article on blackberries, strawberries, and Osage orange hedge, but as it is written on both sides of the paper we cannot use it.—[ED.

WEAK LEGS.—A Wing asked for a remedy for weak legs in chickens some two or three weeks ago. Perhaps your fowls have rheumatism, caused by exposure to cold or wet, or by insufficient shelter. If not that, the weakness may be caused by an insect too small to be seen. It seems to cause the fowls much suffering, and they pick at their legs when on their perches. My chickens' legs were in a very bad condition, but I cured them by mixing one part sulphur with three parts lard, melting them together, and applied it while warm to their legs, being careful to get plenty on the joint where the leg meets the feathers. This must be done in dry weather. If not entirely cured, repeat the application in a week. Sulphur mixed with their food occasionally will help them resist disease.

Now a word to those who intend to raise fowls this summer. See that your chicks always have plenty of fresh water. Don't compel them to fish in the slop-bucket for either food or drink. Don't mix up a mess of raw cornmeal with milk or water to feed them; it swells and cakes in their crops, causes them much distress and often kills them. I lost 25 before I knew what ailed them. Now I feed my chicks scraps from the table, bread and milk, and best of all, corn bread, made as if for the table, eggs and all. Make with sour milk and soda, not taking powder. It is some trouble of course, but it pays. Try it and see your chicks grow.—MRS. C. H. PAINTER, Rinerson, Neb.

PROTECTION FROM BUGS.—I notice a request for something to protect melon vines from the ravages of bugs. I have the remedies that are good and can be used together or separately. This I found in a back number of the BLADE. The author writes as follows: I use sulphur and consider it a safeguard against cucumber bugs or cutworms. For cutworms I sprinkle the ground with sulphur and put on water to get the strength into the ground. For bugs, first dampen the plants, then sprinkle on the powder. I intend to sulphur my plants three or four times every season, but several times have put it on only once and they were all right. The second remedy is, to plant a few radish seeds in the hill. The bugs prefer the radish leaves to the vines. They feed on them and leave your vines undisturbed. Destroy the worms on cabbage plants with brine or dry salt.

Treatment of Horses.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

In your paper of April 2 there is a desire expressed for some short notes on the treatment of horses. As no one has spoken on the subject, I take the liberty of giving my views. Of all our domestic animals the horse is treated the worst—over-worked, under-fed, foul stables, cannot rest on Sunday. In a word, in my view, there should be more stringent laws with reference to his treatment. My mode of treating horses is as follows: First, more well-fitting collars. I prefer those stuffed with wool; harness to fit well; if it chafes at any point, pad it, as some horses are very sensitive. In warm weather wash his shoulders with cold water as soon as his harness is off. Second, work him moderately, never load him to the last pound he can draw. At work on farm don't be in a hurry, it is likely to fret a team. The driver has the easiest time of it. Third—Feed regularly; feed no grain that is not sound; the same rule for hay. Fourth—Water regularly; if hot let them cool off, or give in smaller quantities. Keep a clean stable, bedding with dry, clean straw every night. Do not be afraid to use currycomb and brush, particularly in the evening. After a hard day's work horses used to working on a farm should never be driven fast on the road, as the change of gait is apt to strain them. There is one other matter of importance in reference to treatment of diseases and modes of preventing diseases, but I will defer this for future notes, hoping this will bring out others. G. W. CLARK.

More Items of Interest.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

Here I am again with a few more items which may to useful to some of your many readers:

Buttermilk must be churned longer than now, with a lower temperature.

Hog Cholera.—Give a pig four months old a large tablespoonful of Castor oil, and more according to age. Give as soon as the animal commences to show symptoms of the disease.

To Cure Hams and Shoulders.—Take for 1,000 pounds three pecks of fine salt, three pounds of saltpetre, one-half gallon of molasses, two tablespoonfuls of red pepper. Mix all together thoroughly and rub well the flesh side of the hams and hocks. Smoke with hickory chips and throw a few pepper pods into the fire with the chips. For a smaller quantity, use in proportion the above ingredients.

A mixture of sulphur and lard is a safe and harmless remedy for the extermination of lice on cattle. Rub it along the back and brisket, and anoint parts here and there wherever necessary.

Clover is so easily injured by smothering that even the rakings should be carefully removed where a second crop is expected.

Fowls with scurvy legs can be cured by greasing once a week two or three times with sulphur and lard, or lard and coal oil.

To test butter—Drop a drop of sulphuric acid on a little piece of butter; if it is pure it will turn white, but if oleomargarine, made from tallow, it changes to a crimson red. When lard or other oils are used the colors are varied.

The suds for the washtubs should be poured around the newly planted fruit trees and vines. It will often literally "save their lives," and under any circumstances is a valuable fertalizer.

Hog manure should not be used on land intended for cabbages for at least a year before the crop is grown. Hog manure breeds worms that work at the roots of cabbage plants and render themselves worthless.

Whitewashing fruit trees is not a desirable practice and is of no advantage to the trees. The only wash necessary is one made of strong soft soap, to be applied the first of June and September for the purpose of destroying the borer, and one made of soft soap and quick lime if the tree is attacked by bark lice.—JOHN D. LEISURE, Lawrence, Ind.

Grasses for a Lawn.

The following interesting facts relative to grasses for lawns, is taken from the third annual report of the Ohio agricultural experiment station:

Nothing adds more to the attractiveness of a home than a fine, well kept lawn, and the importance of grasses as agents of decoration and ornament can hardly be overrated.

Grass in the shape of a well kept lawn is one of the simplest and yet the loveliest element in every landscape scene.

The essential requisites for a perfect lawn may be divided into the four following heads:

First—A deep, rich soil, with a carefully prepared seed-bed.

Second—A proper selection of grasses.

Third—Thorough mulching of the ground after seeding.

Fourth—Frequent watering and mowing; weeding when necessary.

Good lawns are often spoiled by making unnecessary walks and drives, and by excessive planting of trees and shrubs. Grass will not grow thriftily in dense shade, and no lawn can look well cut up by numerous walks and drives.

Good lawn grasses must answer the following requirements:

First—They should combine the finest possible leaf growth with a capability of renewal under constant cutting.

Second—They should possess the power of intimate weaving one with the other so as form a stiff sod.

Third—The different varieties should grow with equal rapidity, so as to preserve the same height.

Fourth—They should occupy the ground so completely as to exclude all other plants.

The seeding of a lawn should be done in early spring, the ground having been thoroughly prepared the previous autumn. After sowing the seed, cover the surface an inch deep with fine stable manure. This is needed as shade and mulch.

If the work is well done, the lawn will look well by the last of June, and require cutting by that time. Some weeds will naturally appear. The annuals being frequently cut off cannot seed, and will soon be killed. Perennials, like dock and plantain, should be removed by hand.

After experimenting with various mixtures of seed, we have found the following to give the most satisfactory results:

I. MIXTURE FOR FINE LAWNS FREQUENTLY MOWN.

	lbs.
June grass or Kentucky blue grass (*Poa pratensis*)	10
Red-top (*Agrostis vulgaris*)	10
Perennial rye grass (*Lolium perenne*)	10
Rough meadow grass (*Poa trivialis*)	5
Timothy (*Phleum pratense*)	5
Sweet vernal grass (*Authoxanthum odoratum*)	5
White clover (*Trifolium repens*)	5

The above mixture will be sufficient to seed an acre. If less ground is to be sown, use the seed in proportion.

It is frequently desirable to keep larger areas of land in the immediate vicinity of the house in the form of *lawn meadows*. Such grounds may be kept in fine order by mowing them several times during the season, and still yield good crops of hay. The following mixture of seed will prove satisfactory for such places:

II. MIXTURE FOR PERMANENT LAWN MEADOW.

	lbs.
June grass or Kentucky blue grass (*Poa pratensis*)	10
Red-top (*Agrostis vulgaris*)	10
Timothy (*Phleum pratense*)	5
Perennial rye grass (*Lolium perenne*)	5
Rough meadow grass (*Poa trivialis*)	5
Red clover (*Trifolium pratense*)	5

Gardening for Each Month.

Although the following may not be applicable to all sections, yet it will be valuable to those who wish a condensed form for reference:

JANUARY.—Sow in hot-bed: Beet, broccoli, early cabbage, forcing carrot, cauliflower, early lettuce, radish.

FEBRUARY.—Sow in hot-bed: Beet, broccoli, early cabbage, forcing carrot, early celery, cucumber, egg plant, early lettuce, parsley, pepper, radish, tomato.

MARCH.—Sow in hot-bed: Beet, broccoli, cabbage, carrot, cauliflower, celery, cucumber, egg plant, kohlrabi, lettuce, melon, perper, radish, tomato, herbs.

APRIL.—Sow in Hot-Bed: Cucumber, egg plant, melon, pepper, tomato.

Sow in open ground: Asparagus, beans, beet, broccoli, Brussels sprouts, cabbage, carrot, cauliflower, celery, sweet corn, cucumber, endive, kale, kohlrabi, lettuce, melon, nasturtium, okra, peas, potatoes, parsnip, radish, salsify, spinach, squash, turnip, rutabaga, herbs.

MAY.—Sow in Open Ground: Artichoke, asparagus, beans, beet, broccoli, Brussels sprouts, cabbage, carrot, cauliflower, celery, sweet corn, cress, cucumber, endive, kale, kohlrabi, lettuce, melon, nasturtium, okra, peas, potatoes, pumpkin, radish, rhubarb, salsify, spinach, squash, tomato, early turnip, all herbs.

JUNE.—Sow in Open Ground: Beans, beet, broccoli, brussels sprouts, carrot, cabbage, early cauliflower, sweet corn, cress, cucumber, endive, kale, kohlrabi, lettuce, melon, nasturtium, okra, peas, potatoes, pumpkin, radish, salsify, spinach, squash, turnip, rutabaga.

JULY.—Sow in open ground: Bush beans, beet, carrots, sweet corn, salad, cress, cucumber, endive, gherkin, kale, kohlrabi, lettuce, okra, early peas, pumpkin, radish, spinach, squash, turnip, rutatas.

AUGUST.—Sow in open ground: Bush beans, corn salad, cucumber, endive, lettuce, early peas, radish, spinach, turnip.

SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER.—Sow in open ground: Corn salad, cress, kale, winter lettuce, mustard, winter radish, spinach, turnip.

Feather Pulling.

There can be no doubt that the habit of pulling and eating feathers of poultry comes of a foul, depraved habit, caused by some lack of health. I do not believe that eating meat will, in any sense, cause this habit. Much more would the lack of it be likely to be one cause of eating feathers. I have noticed that the habit is prevalent in the winter season of confinement, and no doubt is, like many other habits of poultry, horses and men, the result of inactivity—the need of something to do. I often go into my two henhouses, and, with an old broom, drive the fowls around considerably. If possible, I let them out for a few minutes. I have found a generous mixed food to be of service in abating this quite unpleasant practice. As a sure preventive, saturate the parts which seem to be the objective points of attack with the commonest kind of kerosene. Attend to this, persevere, and you will ultimately succeed. One or two applications might succeed; a persistent application surely will. Most of our failures are caused by ineffectual, partial applications of remedies. The persevering man is, in himself, a success, while a partial attempt is generally a failure. Give plenty of pure air, sun and pure water; keep clean always. If the hens seem to prefer picking the cock, as they generally do, remove him for a little while. If you notice any particular offensive person to her, as example is a dangerous thing in such cases.—*Country Gentleman.*

More Items of Interest.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

Here I am again with a few more items which may to useful to some of your many readers:

Buttermilk must be churned longer than now, with a lower temperature.

Hog Cholera.—Give a pig four months old a large tablespoonful of Castor oil, and more according to age. Give as soon as the animal commences to show symptoms of the disease.

To Cure Hams and Shoulders.—Take for 1,000 pounds three pecks of fine salt, three pounds of saltpetre, one-half gallon of molasses, two tablespoonfuls of red pepper. Mix all together thoroughly and rub well the flesh side of the hams and hocks. Smoke with hickory chips and throw a few pepper pods into the fire with the chips. For a smaller quantity, use in proportion the above ingredients.

A mixture of sulphur and lard is a safe and harmless remedy for the extermination of lice on cattle. Rub it along the back and brisket, and anoint parts here and there wherever necessary.

Clover is so easily injured by smothering that even the rakings should be carefully removed where a second crop is expected.

Fowls with scurvy legs can be cured by greasing once a week two or three times with sulphur and lard, or lard and coal oil.

To test butter—Drop a drop of sulphuric acid on a little piece of butter; if it is pure it will turn white, but if oleomargarine, made from tallow, it changes to a crimson red. When lard or other oils are used the colors are varied.

The suds for the washtubs should be poured around the newly planted fruit trees and vines. It will often literally "save their lives," and under any circumstances is a valuable fertalizer.

Hog manure should not be used on land intended for cabbages for at least a year before the crop is grown. Hog manure breeds worms that work at the roots of cabbage plants and render themselves worthless.

Whitewashing fruit trees is not a desirable practice and is of no advantage to the trees. The only wash necessary is one made of strong soft soap, to be applied the first of June and September for the purpose of destroying the borer, and one made of soft soap and quick lime if the tree is attacked by bark lice.—JOHN D. LEISURE, Lawrence, Ind.

News of the Week.

FLOODS AND CYCLONES.

Furious Storms and Loss of Life in Texas and Indian Territory—Red River Booming.

The Austin correspondent of the St. Louis *sPot-Dispatch* telegraphs that the heaviest rain that ever fell there is now falling, and the city is completely flooded. Many buildings, stores, etc., on Congress avenue are inundated, and the water is three feet deep in the streets. The damage will be great.

A Denison special, says: In consequence of heavy rain and wind storms, causing washouts endangering bridges, railroad traffic on the Missouri Pacific north and west of Denison is impeded. The southbound passenger train is derailed at the city limits. The Red river is rising four feet per hour. Fears are entertained for the safety of the Missouri Pacific railway bridge. A freight train of eighteen cars is reported wrecked near Cary station, Indian territory; no one hurt. Lon Holland, injured by a falling building during the cyclone yesterday, died this morning. A family of emigrants encamped on the river bottom was suddenly surrounded by water last night, and sought safety in the trees. They were rescued to-day."

A Mexia special says: "Prairie Grove neighborhood, eight miles south of Mexia, was visited by a severe cyclone, causing serious results in life and property. A two-story school house, in which were about 50 children, was blown down and torn to pieces, killing one and wounding several children. The casualities are as follows: A 14-year-old daughter of J. P. Swingall, killed; Estelle Cooke, leg broken; two children of E. Herring, leg and arm broken; two children of Mr. O'Hara, legs broken and injured internally. The house of S. McKinnan was blown down, seriously injuring McKinnan. The store house and postoffice, owned by S. D. Hughes, was demolished, and goods promiscuously scattered. The residences of M. B. Cox, H. Thompson and T. J. Williams were demolished. Larkin Gentry's house, some distance from the village, is also reported demolished, and himself, wife and child killed. Other serious results are probable, as the country is thickly settled in the direction which the storm took.

THE KANSAS FLOOD.

Whole Families Washed Away and Drowned—People Clinging to Trees to Save Their Lives.

A Medicine Lodge special recounts the fearful results of the water spout to the residents of the Medicine river, which seems to be the same one that filled Minneseah to overflowing. The special says that the water rolled down over the lowlands east of Medicine Lodge City, five to twelve feet perpendicular, carrying death in its wake. Several whole families are known to be drowned.

Parties who had gone out to give relief found men, women and children clinging to trees with nothing but their night clothes to protect them, and some without any clothing whatever, but still alive. Three attempts were made to rescue the parties beyond the river, but each boat in turn was swamped and the occupants only saved themselves by swimming to the trees. Five bodies had been recovered up to the hour of the writing of the dispatch, which was sent over to the first railroad point by mail. Another body was in sight, but could not be rescued.

Third—The different varieties should grow with equal rapidity, so as to preserve the same height.

Fourth—They should occupy the ground so completely as to exclude all other plants.

The seeding of a lawn should be done in early spring, the ground having been thoroughly prepared the previous autumn. After sowing the seed, cover the surface an inch deep with fine stable manure. This is needed as shade and mulch.

If the work is well done, the lawn will look well by the last of June, and require cutting by that time. Some weeds will naturally appear. The annuals being frequently cut off cannot seed, and will soon be killed. Perennials, like dock and plantain, should be removed by hand.

After experimenting with various mixtures of seed, we have found the following to give the most satisfactory results:

I. MIXTURE FOR FINE LAWNS FREQUENTLY MOWN.

	lbs.
June grass or Kentucky blue grass (*Poa pratensis*)	10
Red-top (*Agrostis vulgaris*)	10
Perennial rye grass (*Lolium perenne*)	10
Rough meadow grass (*Poa trivialis*)	5
Timothy (*Phleum pratense*)	5
Sweet vernal grass (*Authoxanthum odoratum*)	5
White clover (*Trifolium repens*)	5

The above mixture will be sufficient to seed an acre. If less ground is to be sown, use the seed in proportion.

It is frequently desirable to keep larger areas of land in the immediate vicinity of the house in the form of *lawn meadows*. Such grounds may be kept in fine order by mowing them several times during the season, and still yield good crops of hay. The following mixture of seed will prove satisfactory for such places:

II. MIXTURE FOR PERMANENT LAWN MEADOW.

	lbs.
June grass or Kentucky blue grass (*Poa pratensis*)	10
Red-top (*Agrostis vulgaris*)	10
Timothy (*Phleum pratense*)	5
Perennial rye grass (*Lolium perenne*)	5
Rough meadow grass (*Poa trivialis*)	5
Red clover (*Trifolium pratense*)	5

Gardening for Each Month.

Although the following may not be applicable to all sections, yet it will be valuable to those who wish a condensed form for reference:

JANUARY.—Sow in hot-bed: Beet, broccoli, early cabbage, forcing carrot, cauliflower, early lettuce, radish.

FEBRUARY.—Sow in hot-bed: Beet, broccoli, early cabbage, forcing carrot, early celery, cucumber, egg plant, early lettuce, parsley, pepper, radish, tomato.

MARCH.—Sow in hot-bed: Beet, broccoli, cabbage, carrot, cauliflower, celery, cucumber, egg plant, kohlrabi, lettuce, melon, perper, radish, tomato, herbs.

APRIL.—Sow in Hot-Bed: Cucumber, egg plant, melon, pepper, tomato.

Sow in open ground: Asparagus, beans, beet, broccoli, Brussels sprouts, cabbage, carrot, cauliflower, celery, sweet corn, cucumber, endive, kale, kohlrabi, lettuce, melon, nasturtium, okra, peas, potatoes, parsnip, radish, salsify, spinach, squash, turnip, rutabaga, herbs.

MAY.—Sow in Open Ground: Artichoke, asparagus, beans, beet, broccoli, Brussels sprouts, cabbage, carrot, cauliflower, celery, sweet corn, cress, cucumber, endive, kale, kohlrabi, lettuce, melon, nasturtium, okra, peas, potatoes, pumpkin, radish, rhubarb, salsify, spinach, squash, tomato, early turnip, all herbs.

JUNE.—Sow in Open Ground: Beans, beet, broccoli, brussels sprouts, carrot, cabbage, early cauliflower, sweet corn, cress, cucumber, endive, kale, kohlrabi, lettuce, melon, nasturtium, okra, peas, potatoes, pumpkin, radish, salsify, spinach, squash, turnip, rutabaga.

JULY.—Sow in open ground: Bush beans, beet, carrots, sweet corn, salad, cress, cucumber, endive, gherkin, kale, kohlrabi, lettuce, okra, early peas, pumpkin, radish, spinach, squash, turnip, rutatas.

AUGUST.—Sow in open ground: Bush beans, corn salad, cucumber, endive, lettuce, early peas, radish, spinach, turnip.

SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER.—Sow in open ground: Corn salad, cress, kale, winter lettuce, mustard, winter radish, spinach, turnip.

Feather Pulling.

There can be no doubt that the habit of pulling and eating feathers of poultry comes of a foul, depraved habit, caused by some lack of health. I do not believe that eating meat will, in any sense, cause this habit. Much more would the lack of it be likely to be one cause of eating feathers. I have noticed that the habit is prevalent in the winter season of confinement, and no doubt is, like many other habits of poultry, horses and men, the result of inactivity—the need of something to do. I often go into my two henhouses, and, with an old broom, drive the fowls around considerably. If possible, I let them out for a few minutes. I have found a generous mixed food to be of service in abating this quite unpleasant practice. As a sure preventive, saturate the parts which seem to be the objective points of attack with the commonest kind of kerosene. Attend to this, persevere, and you will ultimately succeed. One or two applications might succeed; a persistent application surely will. Most of our failures are caused by ineffectual, partial applications of remedies. The persevering man is, in himself, a success, while a partial attempt is generally a failure. Give plenty of pure air, sun and pure water; keep clean always. If the hens seem to prefer picking the cock, as they generally do, remove him for a little while. If you notice any particular offensive person to her, as example is a dangerous thing in such cases.—*Country Gentleman.*

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Treasurer Wyman's Successor.

Hon. A. U. Wyman, treasurer of the United States, has tendered his resignation, to take effect May 1. Mr. Wyman tendered his resignation through the secretary of the Treasury on the 3d of April, but any announcement of the fact has been withheld at the request of Sec. Manning, who accepted the same to-day on behalf of the President. The secretary expresses his confidence in Treas. Wyman, and regrets his retirement, which is entirely voluntary. Mr. Wyman was in March last elected vice president of the Omaha National bank, at Ohama, Neb., and also is to have charge of an important trust company recently established in that city. These new positions he has desired to assume as early as possible, and has been waiting the designation of his successor in order to do this.

Mr. C. N. Jordan, formerly cashier of the Third National bank of New York, was to-day appointed treasurer in place of Mr. Wyman, and is at present in the office preparing to assume the duties of the office.

Democratic "Economy."

Owing to the failure of Congress to appropriate the necessary funds, the business of the United States courts of the Philadelphia district must cease, and United States Marshal Kerns has received instructions from Washington to consult with the judges and district attorneys to arrange the business of the courts so that no expense to the government will be incurred.

Coercion of Voters.

Sec. Whitney has written a letter to Commodore John H. Russell, commandant of Mare Island navy yard, relative to the coercion of the vote of that yard by the foremen at past elections. The secretary states that on sworn testimony he is convinced that the vote of the yard was practically coerced and controlled by the foremen, either with or without orders. Men were given tickets in folded form, and obliged to deposit them in that shape without knowing the names of the men for whom they were voting. The secretary directs that the foremen be cleared out, and adds that in case of future attempts of a similar nature, whether in the interest of the dominant party or not, will meet with similar punishment.

Tennessee Warriors—Gov. Porter Challenged.

Some time ago an interview appeared in the *Post* of this city, with ex-Rep. Whitthorne, of Tennessee, which was considered by Gov. Porter, recently appointed assistant secretary of state, also of Tennessee, as disparaging to him. The interview was copied extensively in his own state. He sent a card to the Memphis *Avalanche*, in which he said as Mr. Whitthorne had served in congress the people of Washington knew him, and as the people of Tennessee knew both men, it was not necessary for him to comment upon the interview. The ex-representative thereupon sent a friend to Washington with a note asking Gov. Porter to "go outside of the United States and explain the little matter." Gov. Porter asked the friend to hear the contents of the note. The latter replied in the affirmative. Thereupon Gov. Porter said, "You will consider it no affront then if I return the note to you." The note was returned.

Treasurer Wyman's Career.

Mr. Wyman entered the treasury bureau in 1863, as a $1,200 clerk, and since that time has been successively promoted in grade through all its offices, including cashier and assistant treasurer, until 1876, when he was appointed treasurer to succeed Mr. New. He only remained in office about a year when he was compelled by reason of ill-health to relinquish it for the less arduous duties of assistant treasurer. In April, 1883, he was again appointed treasurer to succeed Mr. Gilfillan, and has served faithfully and efficiently in that capacity ever since. He has made many friends in the service, and his departure is a source of general regret at the treasury. Many of the ladies employed there called on him to bid him farewell.

The New Treasurer.

Mr. Jordan, the newly appointed treasurer, was born in New York 59 years ago, and has had 33 years experience in the banking business. He began his career as a runner in the Hannibal bank, of New York city, and rose to the grade of general book-keeper. Subsequently he received an appointment as cashier of the First National bank of Fishkill Landing, New York, and afterwards acted in the same capacity for the Louisiana National bank of New Orleans. He became cashier of the Third National bank of New York in 1864, and was soon after elected director of the bank. In 1881 he resigned the office of cashier, but continued to act as director, and still holds that office at present. He had a conference with the chiefs of division of the treasurer's office, and assured them that he did not propose to make any changes in the clerical force of the office, except for inefficiency or neglect of duty.

It is expected the transfer of the office from Mr. Wyman to Mr. Jordan on the 1st of May will necessitate a count of the cash in the treasury.

Morgan's Explanation.

Morgan, of South Carolina, appointed consul general for Australasia, explains that he never wrote a pamphlet supporting Blaine for President. Before either party had nominated the candidates he was in Mexico, promoting mining and railway projects, and in furtherance of this business wrote for private circulation a pamphlet about the commercial relations of the United States, Mexico and the Central American States, in which he referred approvingly to some phases of Blaine's foreign policy as applied to Mexico and Central America. It was a non-partisan statement in a non-partisan pamphlet, and could have no political effect whatever.

Counting the Cash.

A committee of three will be appointed by the secretary of the treasury in a few days to supervise the count of all the cash and other securities in the treasury of the United States, incident to the transfer of the office of treasurer from Mr. Wyman to Mr. Jordan. The committee will be composed of a representative of the secretary, who will be selected from the public moneys division; a representative of Mr. Wyman, who will be selected from the treasurer's office; and a representative of Mr. Jordan, who will be selected from outside. The count will commence at the close of business April 30, and will probably take three weeks.

Gen. Swaim's Case.

Pres. Cleveland has refused to exercise the power of executive clemency in regard to the sentence of Gen. G. D. Swaim, judge advocate general of the army. After the sentence of the court martial which recently tried him was approved by Pres. Arthur, and after the new chief executive had assumed the duties of his office, Gen. Swaim appealed to the latter for a pardon, on the ground that he had not been allowed a fair trial.

Probability of a Naval Duel.

Great interest is felt here over the presence at Hampton roads of a Russian corvette and a British man-of-war which, according to the best advices, have been following each other over and above the high seas for some time past, and only waiting for a declaration of war to fight a grand naval duel. Believing that this declaration will come within a few days, quite a number of gentlemen have started for Norfolk with the intention of remaining in that vicinity until the battle comes off. The Russian corvette is a magnificent piece of naval architecture, and sails under the name of the Strylax, Capt. Sheigloff. She is manned by 180 men. The British man-of-war Garnet is said to be a perfect vessel of its kind, and is under the command of Capt. Henry Hand, with 260 men and twelve guns. It appears from information received in Washington that the Garnet, acting under orders, followed the Strylax from the Mediterranean, and is only waiting an opportunity to fight.

Public Printer.

A rumor is current that the President has concluded to appoint, at the commencement of the ensuing fiscal year, ex-Congressman Rogers, of Buffalo, public printer, vice Col. Rounds. Mr. Rogers, who is a practical printer, was formerly connected with *The Buffalo Courier*, was brevetted brigadier general during the war, and was mayor of Buffalo in 1869. He was a member of the 48th congress.

Transportation of Coin.

The secretary of the treasury has under consideration several propositions for the transportation of a large amount of gold coin from the sub-treasury at San Francisco to the sub-treasury at New York. The transfer of about $35,000,000 of gold coin is contemplated. Congress, at its last session, appropriated $100,000, which was made immediately available, for the transportation of this gold. The rates submitted by the express companies for the work are all in excess of the estimates made when the appropriation was asked. It was estimated that the gold could be transported at the rate of $2.50 per $1,000. The lowest bid made by the express companies, however, is $3 25 per $1,000.

In addition to the bids from the express companies there is one from the Pacific Mail Steamship company, which offers to make the transfer at a much reduced rate. The exact terms proposed by the steamship company are not known. The reason for the transfer is to relieve the vaults at San Francisco, which are taxed to their utmost capacity, and also to have the gold in New York, where it would be needed in case of a sudden demand.

The French Tariff.

Information has been received at the treasury department, from which it appears that laws have recently been enacted by the French government imposing new duties upon live animals, fresh butchers' meats, salted meats and cereals, imported into France from foreign countries, as follows: Live animals—Oxen, 25 francs per head; cows, 12 francs per head; bulls, 12 francs per head; young bullocks, young bulls and heifers, 8 francs per head; calves, 4 francs per head; rams, ewes and wethers, 2 francs per head; lambs, 1 franc per head; fat goats and kids, 1 franc per head; swine, 6 francs per head; fresh butchers' meats, 7 francs per 100 kilos; salted meats, 8½ francs per 100 kilos.

Pianos and Postage Stamps.

Post Master General Vilas said that Postmaster Bailey, of Camden, N. J., has been suspended because he had admitted that he purchased two pianos and about one thousand dollars of merchandise and paid for them in postage stamps. The effect was to increase his apparent sales of stamps, and consequently his salary, a practice which the President did not regard as good policy. These charges were made against Postmaster Bailey during the preceding administration, and were substantiated by the inspectors' reports.

Brewster and the Star Routers.

It is understood from quoted remarks of ex-Atty. Gen. Brewster that he is in a stew over the manner in which his name has been mentioned in the trial of Dickson, now going on at the City Hall. The statement of ex-Marshal Henry has been particularly offensive to him, and he has not hesitated to speak his mind of that witness. During the trial Friday, when District Attorney Worthington asked a witness a question concerning the ex-attorney general, his counsel (Judge McArthur) said that he was in doubt whether the question was addressed to Brewster or Dickson who was on trial. The district attorney sought to explain why he had asked the question he did, when the court abruptly stopped him with the remark, "The late attorney general must hold you responsible for all the scandal that has been heaped upon his head during this trial." He epithets provoked somewhat of asensation in the court room.

Bayard and Williams.

Should Sec. Bayard persist in his reversal of Col. Williams, and give the Haytien minister, to be sent to Hayti, to New York, it is said that the Hayteen government would protest. The story is told that Potter, in years past, when he was a sea captain by profession, had some trouble with the Haytien government about the vouchers pertaining to a cargo shipped upon his vessel. Because of this matter it is thought that the government of the island would protest against his selection for the mission to their country. The diplomatic qualities of Sec. Bayard seem to cause the administration endless trouble.

Indiana Democrats and the President.

Senator Voorhees and all the Democrats from Indiana in the next House waited upon the President to urge upon him the necessity of an immediate change in revenue collectors for that state. They want all the present incumbents swept out at once and Democrats put in their places and do not propose to rest until this is done. They placed the case before the President about as strongly as they could, but came away greatly dissatisfied because they had not succeeded in getting any assurances. Democrats in all states are uniting in making a war upon revenue collectors and are very importunate in their demands for immediate changes. Democrats in the South and all through the whisky regions are particularly importunate. They say the present collectors have been in every way offensive, and as they are not protected by the civil-service or tenure-of-office law they should be removed at once. The Indianans are very earnest over the President's seeming disregard of their demands.

The Virginia Bond Decision.

Richard T. Merrick and Atty.-Gen. Garland (in his private capacity as counsel for the state of Virginia in the coupon tax cases) will, on Monday, May 4, ask the Supreme court for a rehearing of the cases with a view to securing reversal of the opinion of the court given last Monday. Should the court grant the request, counsel for the state will make a strong fight for reversal of the decision upon the ground that the court was in error in deciding a suit against officers of the state to compel them to receive coupons not a suit against the state itself.

Notes.

Bayliss W. Hanna, of Indiana, has concluded to go as minister to Persia.

It is said that the political disabilities of Mr. Jackson, minister to Mexico, have not been removed.

Some of Cleveland's territorial appointments fail to give satisfaction to territorial delegates in Washington.

Applicants for places in the postoffice department are taken aback by Postmaster General Vilas's circular regarding requisites for office.

The Commissioner of agriculture having been authorized to remunerate owners of diseased cattle which are ordered killed, has made arrangements to take all proper steps to stamp out pluro-pneumonia in Missouri and other localities.

The secretary of the treasury has appointed Geo. P. Lingle, of Montana, and Charles Ryan, of Indiana, special agents for the Seal islands, in Alaska, vice H. M. Gilfillen and J. H. Moulton, suspended. There are no charges against the present incumbents.

Gen. Henry J. Hunt, retired, has been appointed governor of the Soldiers' Home at this place, vice Col. Samuel D. Sturgis, 7th cavalry; and Capt. Robert Catlin, retired, appointed deputy governor, vice Capt. W. Lyman, 5th infantry. The changes go into effect May 15, when the officers relieved will join their respective regiments. Surg.-n C. C. Byrne has also been detailed for duty at the Home, relieving Asst. Surg. Calvin DeWitt, who will report to the surgeon general for duty. Army officials expressed themselves as pleased with the action of the President in placing retired officers in charge of the Home. It was originally intended that it should be entrusted for actual or disabled soldiers, commanded by retired officers.

HOW BARRIOS WAS KILLED.

Shot Through the Heart by a Sharpshooter from a Tree.

The San Francisco *Bulletin* publishes the following particulars of the death of the late Pres. Barrios, of Guatemala, obtained from L. B. Harriott, the Guatemala consul of that city, who has just returned from Guatemala:

The engagement in which Barrios was killed was between one battalion of the Guatemala troops and a much larger body of San Salvadorians. At 4 p. m. Barrios gave the order to attack, but at 10 o'clock no advance movement had been made, as the troops were under the command of an unpopular colonel, and refused to obey him. Barrios was in his tent with two of his officers when this information was brought to him. On the refusal of both these officers to assume command, he left the tent, and it was while he was proceeding on the front of the column that he was shot by a sharp

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Afghanistan.

LUMSDEN'S DISPATCH.

Sir Peter Lumsden's dispatch is reply to the governments inquiry as to the correctness of Gen. Komaroff's report of the encounter between the Russians and Afghans on the Kushk river, is dated Tapeh, April 17, and is addressed to Earl Granville. The dispatch reads:

Gen. Komaroff's account of the attack on Pendjeh is considered incorrect. Gen. Komaroff says on the 25th of March one detachment approached Tash-Kepri, on our bank of the Kushk river. The left bank has always been held by the Afghans, and was never subject to Russian occupation. On the 29th of February the Russians located an outpost of 25 Turkomans at Kizil-Tepe, a mound one mile north of Pul-i-Khisti and about a mile from the nearest point on the Kushk river, and the Kushk's junction with Murghab river. This had always remained the extreme limit of the Russians' advance within their line of videttes. The Russian cavalry, the detachment alluded to, did advance against Pul-i-Khisti, March 25, but they retired before reaching there, when warned by the Afghan commander, as they had been on February 20.

Gen. Komaroff states that near the bridge he found an intrenchment occupied by the Afghans. I reply that this position was occupied by Afghans previous to Gen. Komaroff's advance and to the agreement of March 17.

Gen. Komaroff says: "In order to avoid a conflict I placed my troops five versts from the Afghan position." In reply to this I can only refer to the main body, as the Russian troops were in Kizil-Tepe, a mile from the Afghan position, and the Russian videttes considerably in advance of that point.

Gen. Komaroff says: "When the Afghans were convinced that we had no intention of attacking them they began to move daily nearer to our camp." I reply that far from the Afghans being convinced of Gen. Komaroff's innocent intentions, the continued irritating daily attempts to provoke hostility convinced the Afghans that the Russians were determined to provoke a conflict. This induced the Afghans to adopt a line of auxiliary necessity in extending their defensive positions.

Gen. Komaroff states that on March 27 the Afghans sent against a company, which was charged with covering a reconnoissance, three companies with cannons and some cavalry. In reply to this, I say that the reconnoissance to free meant hostile intention. The Russian company meant 250 men, more than equivalent to the three Afghan companies, which aggregated 225 men.

On the 27th two bodies of Russians simultaneously advanced, Col. Alikhanoff, with cavalry, pushed past Pul-i-Khisti, The Russian infantry penetrated to the right bank of the Afghan position, on the right bank of the Murghab river. Col. Alikhanoff only retired when intercepted by the Afghans. The cavalry was four miles in the rear of the Afghan position. The Russian infantry only retired when the Afghan commander drew up his companies in battle array, and only halted when the Russians had arrived within gunshot and had planted pickets within gunshot of the Murghab river for the purpose of giving notice of any fresh Russian advance, but the post was withdrawn on the next day.

Gen. Komaroff says on the 29th he sent to the Afghan commander an energetic summons, etc., and received answer that by the advice of the English he (the Afghan commander) refused to retire across the Kushk river. In reply to this, I may state that the fact itself is reported to me, but that the fact itself is reported to me, but that the correct, and nowhere in the Afghan commander's reply is there any such statement. On the contrary, the wording is di-tinct, and thus: "I have duly received your letter regarding the withdrawal of certain pickets. As I had received instructions from the government at Herat to consult Capt. Yates who was deputed to Pendjeh by Sir Peter Lumsden in such matters, I have not yet taken any action. Capt. Yates afterwards had an interview with Col. Fakrchewski and informed me of the conversation which ensued. Be it known to ye, I must loyally obey orders I have received from his highness, the Ameer. I can in no wise act contrary to the orders of my sovereign. Of course, in matters of detail, such as alteration in the position of advanced pickets and videttes, I am prepared to arrange with ye with a view to an avoidance of any risk of conflict."

Gen. Komaroff says he again addressed a private letter, couched in friendly terms. In reply, I say the letter in question was never seen by any officer or the commission, but I believe Lumsden was told a letter had been received a few hours before the Russian attack, on the 30th.

Gen. Komaroff states, "On the 30th, to support my demands, I marched with my detachment against the Afghans's position, counting still on a pacific result, but the artillery fired and cavalry attack compelled me to accept a combat." In reply I say the Russians advanced to attack the Afghan position, and of course the Afghans were obliged to defend themselves. Certainly the engagement was not commenced by the artillery fire, as Gen. Komaroff states, as the infantry fire was heard continuing several minutes before the first gun.

FORTIFYING BATOUM.

In defiance of her treaty stipulations with England, Turkey and other powers, Russia is strongly fortifying Batoum, on the eastern coast of the Black Sea. The place is now flooded with guns and munitions of war and a large corps of infantry and cavalry guards are daily arriving from Poti, on the coast, to Tiflis, the capital of the trans-Caucasus. The railway is of great value in transporting troops from the Black Sea to the Caspian Sea, on the way from European Russia to Afghanistan.

DON'T WANT ANY ASSISTANCE.

Dispatches from Cabul state that the Ameer of Afghanistan has reiterated his statement that he is competent to defend Herat against the Russians without the aid of British troops.

STRONGLY FORTIFIED.

During the last few days it has been reported that the Russian coast of the Baltic has been strongly fortified, and that the approach at any point is dangerous owing to the presence of torpedoes and sea mines.

BATTLE BETWEEN RUSSIANS AND AFGHANS.

The Brussels *Independance Belge* publishes, under reserve, but from an excellent source, a report of a fresh battle between the Russians and Afghans, in which the former were defeated and retired having met with a heavy loss.

A St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Daily News* says: "I am informed on good authority of another engagement on the Afghan frontier. Of 1,700 Russians who engaged the Afghans, nearly all the former were killed."

RUSSIA SUPPRESSING THE NEWS.

The news of another battle, though not as yet confirmed, has greatly increased the danger of war. The London *Times* says that the rumor is probably the first coming out of news which has been officially suppressed.

It is presumed that a body of Russians followed a body of retreating Afghans, while scouting in the country for the purpose of collecting information, and perhaps pushed to Charmeh-e-Ab, thus coming into contact with the Afghan troops on the direct route to Herat. Such a similar movement may have been made from Zulfikar or Akrobat. At present there is nothing to show where the conflict occured.

Great Britain.

Two belted cruisers have been ordered to be at once constructed on the Clyde. This order practically revives ship building on the Clyde, and has already resulted in the employment of 5,000 men.

Troops are swarming to all the barracks throughout the United Kingdom, in response to the government's call for the reserves. The war office in London is besieged by military officers, asking for employment.

It has been decided to divide the Portsmouth fleet up into channel, flying, and reserve squadrons. Fresh orders have been received to increase the number of workmen at Portsmouth.

Military preparations in London continue unabated, and the reserves are rapidly mobilizing. Barracks throughout the Kingdom are preparing quarters for a possible call on the militia. The ammunition factories belonging to the government up to the present time have been unable to supply the demands, but numerous offers have been received from private firms capable of efficient work.

EXPLOSION IN LONDON.

At 11 o'clock Thursday an explosion occurred in the basement of the Admiralty building. The building was badly damaged, and many persons were injured, among them some of the head officials of the department. The explosion was undoubtedly caused by gun-cotton or dynamite

One report says two men were noticed by several persons reconnoitering yesterday, and this morning the same men were seen to enter the garden in front of Mr. Swainson's office from the direction of the horse guards' parade grounds. One of them carried a tin can, which was placed in a recess of the passage way leading to the offices. The movements of the two men attracted but little attention at the time, owing to the fact that several surveyors and a number of workmen have recently been engaged in measuring distances, etc., on the grounds, and those who saw the two men believed that they were employes of the Government engaged in the same sort of work. Two officials of the government took much particular notice of the two men that they claim that they can identify them, even if placed in a crowd of other men. They have given a good description of the suspected men to the detectives, who are now working up the case.

The face of a small American clock, blackened by the explosion, together with some pieces of clock work attached, was found among the debris during the examination which followed soon after the explosion. The admiralty officials suppose that these fragments are parts of the infernal machine which caused the explosion.

THE POET LAUREATE ON THE WAR.

The London *Times* publishes the following poem by Tennyson, entitled "The fleet on its reported inefficiency:"

You, you, if you have failed to understand,
The fleet of England is our all in all;
On you will come the curse of all the land,
If that old England fall,
Which Nelson left so great.

This isle, the mightiest naval power on earth,
This one small isle, the lord of every sea:
Poor England, what would all these votes be worth,
And what avail thine ancient fame of free,
Were thou a fallen state?

You, you, who had the ordering of her fleet,
If you have only compassed her disgrace,
When all men starve, the wild mobs' million feet
We'll kick you from your place—
But then too late, too late.

NO CHANCE FOR AGREEMENT.

The London *Standard* says: "The extreme tension in the relations between England and Russia continues, but as yet there has been no absolute diplomatic rupture. That is the least disquieting form in which the truth can be told. The dead lock is not a whit less serious because the day passed without bringing the crisis. It is no longer a question of disputed frontier. We believe negotiations on that subject are for the moment set aside. Satisfaction for the Penjdeh incident monopolizes the whole regard of the ministers and ambassadors. The more it is discussed, the more hopelessly remote appears the prospect of an agreement. In demanding satisfaction, England is simply telling the mischievious firebrands who shelter themselves under the authority of the Czar that if they persist in the old game they will no longer play it with impunity."

The *Times* says there is no reason why the crisis should not suddenly become acute, if Russia is determined not to accept herself of English advances, and the maintenance of diplomatic relations will lead to no useful end, the withdrawal of Sir Edward Thornton and Baron DeStaal will not of necessity lead to a final rupture, but will, however, accentuate the position and warn other powers of the necessity of bringing immediate pressure to bear on Russia if they wish to avert war. The opinion is gaining ground at Berlin that war will be declared before the end of the month. It is rumored that Lobanoff, the Russian ambassador at Vienna, will succeed M. De Giers in the event of his resignation, which appears to be likely. A deputation of dervishes is soon to be sent from Cabul to the court of Bokhara and the Khans of Khiva, pointing out the fact that war between Russia and England will have a religious as well as a political character, which will menace the independence of their faith. Another deputation of Mohammedans will ask for assistance, and urge the Turcomans to seize the chance of freeing themselves from Russia's yoke.

THE WAR CREDIT.

The House of Commons, without discussion, as suggested by Mr. Gladstone, voted the entire credit of £5,500,000 asked by the government. Mr. Edward Temperly Gourley, Radical member for Sutherland, asked whether the government would endeavor to have the dispute with Russia referred for arbitration to the United States of America. Mr. Gladstone replied: "The government is quite sensible of its heavy responsibility to maintain the honor and good faith of the country on one hand, and on the other to use every means consistent with that honor to avoid war. I can give no more particular reply than this."

Gladstone was enthusiastically cheered, both during his speech and upon his leaving the house of Commons. The opinion in the lobbies is that Mr. Gladstone's speech shows that war is inevitable.

THE DECLARATION OF WAR

is not expected to follow directly upon rupture of diplomatic relations. Baron De Staal and Sir Edward Thornton would be recalled, and Russia would then probable order Gen. Kormaroff to advance on Herat, England meanwhile occupying Quettah and Candahar.

The fact that the Russian transport, which passed through the Suez canal and was then ordered back, is still waiting at the entrance of the Suez canal, causes some anxiety.

Russia.

There is great activity at the Russian army and navy depots. A new iron-clad will soon be launched at Abo.

Finland has protested against the issue of letters of marque, should war take place between England and Russia. Finland is apprehensive of serious damage along her coasts by the fleets of England, should these letters of marque be issued.

A dispatch from Odessa says 22,000 troops will be dispatched immediately to reinforce Gen Komaroff. The dispatch also says other forces are under orders, and that the Russian army in Turkestan in a few weeks will number 60,000.

Many English residents are preparing to leave the country.

The Russian government has not yet replied to England's latest dispatches, but will probably do so shortly, and in such a manner as will force a decision for either peace or war.

In spite of the pacific assurances of the Russian foreign office, the greatest activity prevails in the army and navy. Yesterday the Grand Duke Alexis, high admiral of Russia, asked the Czar, in the event of war, to place him in command of the Baltic fleet.

At Kronstadt and the navy yards near St. Petersburg at least 10,000 workmen are working night and day, at night by electric light, putting the fleet on a war footing. Two iron clads, the Admiral Nakhimoff and Alexander II, each of which is a match for British vessels of the Devastation class, will be ready for sea early in the summer. They are over 8,000 tons, fourteen-inch armor, and will each carry fourteen guns of twelve and nine-inch calibre.

The Baltic fleet now consists of 215 vessels, of which 35 are iron-clads and 109 torpedo boats, ready for active service in ten days.

All the Russian naval officers at Kronstadt look forward with the greatest delight to a brush with England. A well known Russian admiral said: "If England tries to blockade the Baltic, we shall come out and fight her in open sea. Our navy is in splendid fighting trim. We have the greatest confidence in our torpedo boats."

It is stated that Russian naval officers who had been retired on half pay have been ordered on the active list, pending the issue of the controversy between England and Russia.

A Paris special states that the French foreign office has received an intimation that Russia will not accept any terms of foreign mediation, even if offered.

Dispatches from St. Petersburg state that the Czar has issued an imperial ukase, sanctioning the raising of a large force of Turkoman militia by Gen. Komaroff.

WAR INEVITABLE.

A dispatch from St. Petersburg says: "War between Russia and England is now regarded inevitable. The Czar leaves today for Moscow, and from that historic city he will issue his manifesto or declaration of war, if such an extreme measure should become necessary."

RAGES FOR WAR.

The highest military circles in Russia are bringing great pressure to bear on the government to declare war. They say that the chances of victory for Russia were never so favorable as at the present time. Russia, it is further said, was only awaiting the moment when the Volga shall be free of ice, as this river is essential for the transportation of her troops. As soon as the river is open, Russia will cast aside further attempts at diplomatic negotiations.

RUSSIA'S ULTIMATUM.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Telegraph* says the latest English proposals arrived there by special courier Friday. The Imperial council met Saturday and decided to reply that the czar favored the maintenance of Russian demands in respect to the delimitation of the frontier. The council also resolved to inform England that Russia would consent to the appointment of a special mixed commission to examine into facts in the reports of Gen. Komaroff and Sir Peter Lumsden, and to decide which of the two are correct. M. DeGiers has advised that if England refuses to accept these proposals, Baron De Staal, the Russian ambassador, be withdrawn and all negotiations be broken off.

THE RUSSIAN VIEW.

The *Journal de St. Petersburg*, in review of Sir Peter Lumsden's report to Mr. Gladstone upon the affair between Russia and Afghan troops, says that the report is based upon statements from Afghan sources, and if it contradicts the precise and complete report previously made by Gen. Komaroff, then Mr. Gladstone need not be surprised if Russia prefers to rely upon the testimony of her generals.

The *Journal* adds that it is useless to pursue these polemics on subsidiary points, when the main question to be settled is the determination of the boundary between Russia and Afghanistan. As to her war credit, England is free to bestir herself; Russia remains calm. Conscious of the gravity of the situation, and confident of her ability to cope with the emergency, Russia will be happy to see realized Earl Granville's wish that all existing differences between England and Russia shall be settled peacefully.

Turkey.

It is said in Vienna diplomatic circles that England is endeavoring to negotiate with the porte about the passage of the Dardanelles for her war ships. The continental powers, however, insist on maintaining the neutrality of the straits.

Germany.

The German Reichstag has fixed duties on horses at 20 marks, on bulls and cows at 9 marks, oxen at 3 marks, young cattle at 6 marks, and calves under six weeks old at 3 marks.

It is asserted that the British government is in possession of information which proves beyond a doubt that Prince Bismarck has been urging Turkey to side with Russia in event of a war between England and Russia.

In Germany the movement for a total closing of all shops of manufacture and trade on Sundays grows daily. Yesterday an immense meeting in favor of the movement was held in Berlin. The meeting was attended by large delegations from all the public commercial associations in the capital and by a commission specially appointed by the Reichstag to consider the subject.

A Berlin special of Friday night says: From an authoritative quarter I hear that on Wednesday the Emperor William received a letter from the Czar stating that to his utmost grievance war seems inevitable. The Emperor William is therefore very much derpressed, yet hoping that at the very last moment England will yield in some way. All the rumors about Germany and Austria not keeping the strictest neutrality are of course baseless. The English ambassador, Sir Edward Malet, was at yesterday's diplomatic reception, whereat, according to custom the court and members of the Diplomatic Corps were present. The English Ambassador's face wore a very gloomy expression, notwithstanding his honeymoon is not ended. I hear positively that he said to another Ambassador: "I can scarcely believe in peace." Nevertheless, even this evening the Berlin foreign office strongly professes in its own belief in the victory of diplomany over military preparations.

GERMANY A NEUTRAL.

The *National Zeitung* says that Germany remains neutral in the present crisis in the relation of England and Russia, and that no request has been received for mediation. The paper also denies that the Czar wrote the Emperor of Germany that the chances of peace had diminished.

Italy.

The second session of the convention of Irish bishops was held at the Propaganda, Rome. The chief question dealt with were the reform of Maynooth college and the institution of a Catholic newspaper at Dublin, under the direction and control of the Holy See.

The Rome *Gazette* announces that Signor Mancini, Italian minister for foreign affairs, and Sir Saville Lumley, British ambassador, have made a definite arrangement regarding the military and political action of Italy on the Red Sea.

Egypt.

It is reported at Dongola that the rival Mahdis have met in battle and that the original Mahdi was defeated, losing two governors. El Obeid, it is also reported, has been plundered and burnt.

The Suakim-Berber railway has been extended three miles beyond Handoub. A force of 500 of the enemy has been discovered between Tamanoub and Essibi. The troops are daily engaged in scouting expeditions.

M. Barrere has delayed his departure from Cairo. It is stated that Egypt now offers to compromise the dispute with France concerning the seizure and suppression of the *Bosphore Egyptien* by making an apology, and by admitting that her official violated the right of domicile of the publisher. The apology, however, to contain "no allusion to the seizure of the *Bosphore Egyptien*."

Gen. Graham has received definite orders by telegraph from Gen. Wolseley. It is understood that the immediate withdrawal of the British troops has been decided upon.

Small-pox is decimating Andurnam, opposite Khartoum.

The garrison of Senaar defeated the forces of the Mahdi, which made an attack on that place.

The Arabs kept up a desultory fire on the British troops at Ohio all night last night. Three of the British troops were wounded.

Spain.

The Havana *Diario De La Morina*, in a leading article, says: "The treaty between Spain and the United States was negotiated with a view to immediate ratification. It failed of ratification by the United States, and now we hear that Mr. Foster will return to Madrid to open new negotiations. Believing that we express the general feeling, we counsel the government not only to make no further concessions, but to withdraw those already granted."

A great meeting of workingmen's unions was held at the Casino Espanol on Sunday last. The speakers generally declared that the treaty between Spain and the United States, with the various amendments to it allowed by Spain, would not prove beneficial to Cuba. A committee was appointed to ask the co-operation of the governor general in a protest against the insertion of any amendments in the treaty to be negotiated by Senor Albcedte and Mr. Foster.

The order for the official examination of all lards imported from the United States has been revoked, in accordance with the suggestion of the board of health.

From Madrid comes the intelligence that two cases of Asiatic cholera have been discovered at Salea, near Valencia, and that in the same place one death has been already caused by the scourge.

China.

Gen. De L'Isle telegraphs from Hanoi, under date April 21, as follows: "My letters have reached the Chinese commander. Hostilities have been everywhere suspended. A Chinese officer of high rank is on his way to Hanoi."

News has been received from Cambodia, by way of Saigon, to the effect that the insurgents have surprised a French post, captured several guns and massacred many Europeans.

The immense stone bridge constructed by Chinese engineers over the arm of the Chinese sea at Lagang is finished. The bridge is five miles long, entirely of stone, and has 300 arches, each 70 feet high. The roadway is 70 feet wide.

France.

Paris papers are all loud in their praise of the energetic action of the government in the Egyptian difficulty. The *Gaulois* reports that France and England have agreed upon a compromise, but officials circles declare that France is determined to demand the fullest reparation. France is evidently acting with a desire to overthrow Nubar Pacha. The *Voltaire* states that over a hundred Russian students in Paris belonging to the army have been ordered home by the Russian government.

The breaking off of official relations between France and Egypt was entirely unexpected by the people, and the news has created a great sensation in Paris. This act of France is considered to be unmistakable evidence that there is an understanding between France and Russia.

M. Bauere, the consul general of France to Egypt, has been instructed by his government to suspend all official relations with Egypt, and to make the declaration to the government of Egypt that France declines to sanction the Egyptian financial convention, and reserves to herself complete liberty of action.

It is reported that a French fleet has been ordered to rendezvous at the Piraeus, Greece, and there await further orders. This action is taken in reference to a naval demonstration before Alexandria, in the event of Egypt refusing to accede to the demand of France regarding the rehabilitation of the *Bosphore Egyptien*.

The Work of an Insane Man.

Rear Greenwich, Conn., Barclay Johnson, a prominent railroad lawyer, while walking in the woods with his mother and sister, shot and killed them both, and then killed himself. Johnson was insane.

RIEL'S REBELLION.

Further Details of the Engagement Friday Between Gen. Middleton's Troops and the Half-Breeds.

Gen. Middleton, with his staff, was riding well to the front with Boulton's horse, who were acting as scouts Friday. When about five miles from McIntosh, where they had camped the night before, and on approaching two small bluffs covered with timber, about 20 or 30 of the enemy's scouts opened fire, killing several of the scouts' horses and wounding several of the men. Between these bluffs, which were about 500 yards apart, is a piece of level and open prairie that extends back about 1,000 yards, across which runs a deep ravine, with timber in the bottom, running back in places apparently for a mile. On the west side, about the centre, are two log houses and straw stack.

After firing a volley from the bluffs the scouts got under cover, when the General ordered up the advance guard of the 90th, under Capt. Clarke. Two guns of Battery A then came up at a gallop, under command of Capt. Peters, the guns being supported by a garrison division under Capt. Peters and Lieut. Rivers.

After firing a couple of shrapnels at the half-breeds, the latter retired into the ravine. The remainder of the 90th were then sent up, Major Buchan commanding the right battalion and Major Boswell the left hals. "C" company of the infantry school at Toronto, being on the extreme right, had two or three hot scrimmages for the possession of a knoll about 500 yards in front of the ravine. Being ordered to retire from it, the knoll was taken possession of by the rebels, but the infantry drove them out.

While this was going on at the right on the left a battery of the garrison division, who were supporting their guns, and A company of the 90th, under Capt. Forrest, made a dash across the opening and gained the top of the ravine. The remainder of the forces were gradually brought up, kept closing on the ravine. Meantime the artilery was being moved from point to point, so as to obtain the most advantageous position for shelling the rebels in the ravine. They drove the rebels out of a number of houses and set a straw-stack on fire. The rebels were seen to leave them, seeking cover in the ravine.

When No. 2 company of the 10th grenadiers arrived from across the river they were sent over on the right flank and thrown out in skirmishing order, so as to enfilade the ravine and relieve some of the troops who had been in action all day.

About 60 rebels were seen to retreat on horseback, the remainder in the ravine being unable to do so owing to their horses being either captured or shot. Things remained unchanged up to 6 o'clock, when there could not have been more than ten in the rifle pits in the ravine, at which time the general had troops drawn up, preparatory to making a charge and capturing the men in the pits, which was expected to close the engagement, as he had ordered the teams to get ready to move about half a mile nearer the river, in open order, to camp for the night. During the course of the afternoon the remainder of the 10th crossed over, and also one gun of the Winnipeg battery. It is expected that the remainder of the troops will cross to the east side to-morrow, when the general will press on to Batoche.

The killed, in addition to those given before, were gunner Cook and private Wheeler. Capt. Clark and Lieut Swenford will die of wounds. As far as could be seen the enemy left no dead on the field, though 25 of them were shot and about a dozen captured.

The rebels seemed to be composed of about an equal number of half-breeds and Indians, in all not more than 200, and are supposed to be under the command of Gabriel Dumont.

THE CHINESE MUST GO.

Victoria, B. C., was found placarded with notices: "The Chinese must go;" "Down with the boss;" "We know who they are," etc. The police removed the placards immediately. Considerable anxiety is felt as there are well founded rumors of a secret society for the extermination of the Chinese.

GEN. GRANT'S BIRTHDAY

Its Observance at Different Points—The Hero's Acknowledgments.

Gen. Grant Monday sent the following:

"To the various army posts, societies, cities, public schools, state corporations and individuals of the North and South, who have been so kind as to send congratulations on my 63d birthday, I wish to offer my grat ful acknowledgments. The dispatches have been so numerous that to reply touching to the purport would have been impossible to answer them individually if I had been in perfect health.

"U. S. GRANT."

The Grant residence was brilliantly lighted up Monday evening, and thousands of spectators passed through the street and stopped to gaze for a few moments at the house. Large and magnificent presents of flowers continued to pour in, while a continuous stream of telegrams were received from all over the country.

At Cincinnati, a large meeting was held at Turner hall to celebrate the 63d anniversary of Gen. Grant's birth. Speeches were made by ex-Congressman Samuel F. Cary, Hon. John Simpkinson and Michael Ryan, and others. Every reference to Gen. Grant brought forth deafening cheers. Among those who attended were scores of the most prominent citizens of Cincinnati.

At Springfield, Ill., a resolution was adopted in the House instructing the secretary of state to have the flag raised on the capital in honor of Gen. Grant's 63d anniversary, and another instructing the speaker to wire Gen. Grant congratulations on his improved health.

At Ottumwa, Iowa, 63 guns were fired, and many business houses were decorated with bunting, in commemoration of Gen. Grant's birthday anniversary.

The meeting at Louisville taxed the capacity of the Masonic temple. Many ladies and hundreds of Federal and Confederate soldiers were in attendance. The meeting was called to order by Maj. John H. Leathers, Confederate, who eloquently referred to the fame of Gen. Grant as the common heritage of the country. Horatio W. Bruce, Confederate congressman, was chosen chairman. He said that early in the war the eyes of southern soldiers and statesmen turned to Grant as their greatest adversary. Later, when partisan bitterness proposed bitter reprisals upon Southern leaders, Grant stood by the terms of surrender.

Gen. Alpheus W. Baker, Confederate, said Grant conquered the South by force of arms, and afterwards its hearts by the splendid magnanimity to Lee at Appomattox. The speakers alternated, Federal and Confederate,, and the former emphasized the fact that the Union was indeed restored, and a most splendid testimonial to the fact was the meeting.

The public meeting at the Metropolitan church, Washington, to celebrate the 63d anniversary of the birth of Gen. Grant was largely attended. Sen. Manderson presided, and speeches were made by Gen. Halbert E. Payne, Green B. Raum, M. W. Burdette and others. A letter from Hon. James G. Blaine was read, expressing sympathy with the object of the meeting, and regret at his inability to be present.

Memorial Day was observed at Augusta, Ga., by a parade of the different military organizations. The Confederate Survivors' association unanimously adopted the language of an oration by Col. C. Jones in reference to Gen. Grant, which concluded as follows: "Remembering him now as a generous victor, who, at the ever-memorable meeting at Appomattox to our immortal Lee, and to the glorious 8,000 veterans, of surviving heroes of the army of Northern Virginia on the 9th day of April, 1865, conceded liberal and magnanimous terms of surrender, do we, standing by the graves of our Confederate dead, and mindful of memories which the observance of this occasion is designed to perpetuate, respond fully tender to Gen. Grant assurances of our sincere and profound gratitude in this the season of his direful extremity."

At Indianapolis, a meeting of representative citizens was held in honor of Gen. Grant's birthday. Gov. Gray presided, and addresses were made by Sen. Harrison, ex-Sen. McDonald, ex-Gov. Porter and Supreme Judge Niblack. A letter to the general was reported by a committee consisting of Hon. John C. New, Judge W. E. Niblack, Dist. Atty. Holstein; Gen. R. S. Foster and Hon. W. H. English, and adopted by a rising vote.

Rebellion in Dakota.

Great excitement and activity exists among the settlers on the Crow Creek and Winnebago lands, opened to settlement by Pres. Arthur. Meetings are being held on the reservation, and at towns contiguous thereto, Chamberlain, Pukman, Pierre, Canning, and Bismarck relative to Pres. Cleveland's proclamation. Money is being raised and societies organized to prosecute the settlers' case in the courts, and to present it to the department at Washington.

The commissioner of pensions has discovered that a certain examining surgeon has been in the habit of receiving money from pensioners and applicants for pensions for supporting and prosecuting claims pending before the pension office, and has ordered his dismissal from the service. Various refunding drafts which have been made payable to the commissioner of pensions, the special examiner who recovered them from the examining surgeon will be covered into the treasury, as Commissioner Black declines to be a party to the restoration to claimants or pensioners of money paid by them as bribes to officers of the United States.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Postoffice Inspectors.

As an impression seems to prevail that any person is privileged to enter competitive examination that is to govern the appointment of postoffice inspectors, Postmaster-General Vilas has issued a circular, stating that application blanks for this purpose will not be furnished indiscriminately, but only to persons who have been favorably recommended to the department.

A Supposed Useless Patent.

The secretary of the Navy has issued the following order: "My attention has been called to the dealings of this department with the American Wood Preserving company, to the large sums of money paid for the use of the patent, and recently for the purchase of a large plant erected at the Boston navy yard by the company. Such personal investigation as I have been able to make has convinced me that a thorough examination and investigation of all matters connected with the dealings of the government with this company should be made, including investigation into the utility of the invention and its practical value. The government is in possession of an expensive plant recently purchased for use in connection with this invention. I am unable to find that the invention has gone into general use, or that private individuals are availing themselves of its supposed superior merits. I hereby designate and detail Capt. Francis M. Pounce and Capt. Henry L. Hawison to act with Prof. Charles F. Chandler, of the city of New York, to look into the whole matter and report to me."

The patent referred to above was purchased by the government a few months since at a cost of $500,000.

Americans in Panama.

The following telegram from Admiral Jouett has been received at the navy department: "It was absolutely necessary to occupy Panama to protect the transit and American property. The safety of Panama and American interest are secured by this move. Your instructions were published in Panama papers. Government officials will arrive soon, when everything will be turned over to them, and we will withdraw."

A Gigantic Steal Intended.

It is a curious thing that Attorney General Garland should have countermanded his pleuro-pneumonia decision within six hours from the time it was issued. Men interested in stock raising in Kansas and Indian territory are known to have exerted an influence to have this decision made, and are mad with disgust at the action of the attorney general in cancelling his decision that Dr. Salmon, chief of the veterinary division, could kill cattle supposed to be infected, and that the government should pay for all such cattle killed by official order. The belief obtains with men who have some knowledge of the matter that a gigantic steal was intended, and that the attorney general was informed just in time to save him from very unpleasant consequences.

The Postoffice Crop.

Seventy-six postoffices fall vacant in May. Twenty-five of them are south of Mason and Dixon's line. More Southern Democrats will get postoffices in the next 30 days than Mr. Buchanan appointed in the last six months of his administration. Some of the coming vacancies are large and important offices. Baltimore, Richmond, Charleston, Raleigh and Columbia are among them. In all these Republicans will go out and Democrats will step in, except possibly in the case of Postmaster Andreon at Baltimore. His friends are playing the old Pearson act with Gen. Gaines of Gainesville, Dallas and other places. Gainesville, the Pecan and Duck Creeks overflowed their banks, and besides washing away much property, several lives are reported lost. Women and children clung to the branches of trees for hours before they were rescued, and in some instances whole families were swept away in their houses, but in most instances they were rescued. Several streets in Dallas were flooded with water, and a high wind damaged a number of houses.

The Red river is very high, and at last accounts was rising rapidly, and great damage along its banks is apprehended.

The Fate of an Erring Girl.

A girl of 19, who registered as Theresa, but refused to give any surname, died at the Merchants' hotel, Chicago, Sunday. She had left a good home and good parents when but 14 years of age, and had tasted of the bitter-sweet of life for four years. A week ago she returned pleading for pardon. Her mother welcomed her warmly, but not so the father, who had little love left for his erring girl. She left and came to Chicago, where she was promised a position in the Adams house. Learning that the investigations of those who offered her work were far from honorable she refused to go there. The officer took her to the Merchants' hotel, where she was provided with a room, and the proprietor, a good natured German, promised to give her work. When the people went to call her Sunday morning she was dead. It is said she came from Jackson, Mich.

What Next?

A Raleigh, N. C., special says: A negro, who has been to Washington recently, claims to have had a talk with Pres. Cleveland. He told the darkies that the President authorized him to find out all the colored men in Pitt county who voted for him, and to all such who will send him a bridle he will forward a mule. The mule, he said, will correspond with the bridle, better the bridle better the mule. When the first lot of 100 bridles is sent on to Washington he says the mules will be forwarded. It is said over 50 bridles have so far been collected by this precious rascal. They are new and cost from 75 cents to $1.25 each.

Buried Under a Mountain of Snow.

Meagre details of a terrible disaster come from the Homestake mine, located in Tennesse Pass, about half way between Leadville and Red Cliff, on the Eagle river branch of the Denver & Rio Grande road, in Colorado. During the winter months a force of eleven men have been working at the mine, occupying two cabins near the entrance every night.

A searching party has returned to Leadville, having found ten bodies in the cabin, probably killed by the snow slide two weeks ago.

A Defiant Mormon.

The case of Bishop Hiram B. Clawson, for unlawful cohabitation, was called in the Commissioner's court at Salt Lake Saturday. Being asked his plea, he said: "Mr. Commissioner, it is not necessary to examine any witnesses in this case. I admit all the facts as set forth in this complaint." The bishop and said before that he would not run, neither would he permit any member of his family to run. The Utah commission is busy appointing precinct registrars throughout Utah for the August election.

A Millionaire Sentenced.

Milton Weston, the Chicago millionaire, convicted of complicity in the Murraysville, Pa., gas well riots, in which Obadiah Shoemaker lost his life, has been refused a new trial and sentenced for five years' hard labor in the western penitentiary of Pennsylvania. The riots occurred in September, 1883, and were caused by a dispute as to the ownership of the famous Murraysville natural gas well. The case will be carried to the Supreme court.

Passengers on Bermuda steamers report that the British are putting the Island of Bermuda in a complete state of defense.

The trouble at the Wabash Railroad shops at Moberly, Mo., is understood to have been satisfactorily settled, and that the men return to work and traffic on the road be fully resumed.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

GENERAL GRANT.

Monday's Report.

Beginning at 11 o'clock last night, Gen. Grant slept at intervals until 2 o'clock this morning, after which his slumber was almost continuous until 8 o'clock this morning. When he had been dressed he remarked that he felt good and was refreshed. When Dr. Douglas left the house, at 8:30, he said the patient was as well as yesterday. He could not say that he was better than on Sunday, for on that day he was exceedingly well, comparatively; but the general to-day was as well as yesterday, and had so expressed himself.

Flags are flying and bunting is displayed on the street on which Gen. Grant lives, in commemoration of his birthday. The general to-day is 63 years old.

Gen. Grant took a drive in Central park at noon to-day.

Tuesday's Report.

Dr. Douglas said this morning that the general was as well as yesterday morning, and that he is daily growing stronger. The general slept soon after 10 o'clock last night, but with intervals of wakefulness, until between 3 and 4 this morning; then he fell into natural slumber, and this continued without waking until nearly 8 this morning. Then he awoke from his sleep; but for an hour afterwards dozed and rested.

A Filthy Pennsylvania Town—Over 1,000 People Sick.

The mining town of Plymouth, located a few miles below Wilkesbarre, on the Susquehanna, is undergoing a terrible visitation from an epidemic of malarial and typhoid nature that has already caused the death of many persons, and unless its ravages soon moderate will bring mourning into nearly every household in the town. Plymouth has a population of between 7,000 and 8,000.

The disease has been sudden in its appearance, not having been noticed until the advent of the present hot weather. Its cause is attributed almost entirely to the filthy condition of the town and the entire absence of even the most ordinary sanitary arrangements. In the whole town there is not a sewer. The drainage of houses finds its way to cesspools which are never emptied, but when one is full another is dug. The streets and allies are made the receptacle for every kind of garbage, filth and offal. There is not a paved street in the whole town nor a properly constructed gutter through which water can escape. Even in the center of the town on the main street but little attention is paid to sanitary precautions. The town is supplied largely with water from mountain streams through the pipes of the water company. Whenever this supply fails, and this happens every summer, the company pump water from the river, polluted with the sewerage of Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Pittston and all towns on its course as far as Binghampton, N. Y. The company's officials deny, however, that they have used any river water since November last. Careful estimates place the number of cases of sickness at considerably over 1,000.

Storms in Kansas, Missouri and Texas.

Dispatches state that the Kansas storm extended into Western Missouri, and that many streams have overflowed their banks, that many property has been destroyed, and that railroads traversing that section have been washed away in places and traffic greatly interrupted.

Advices also come from Northern Texas, noting a very heavy rainfall, extending over a large section of country, embracing Denison, Gainesville, Autlen, Fort Worth, Dallas and other places. At Gainesville, the Pecan and Duck Creeks overflowed their banks, and besides washing away much property, several lives are reported lost. Women and children clung to the branches of trees for hours before they were rescued, and in some instances whole families were swept away in their houses, but in most instances they were rescued. Several streets in Dallas were flooded with water, and a high wind damaged a number of houses.

The Red river is very high, and at last accounts was rising rapidly, and great damage along its banks is apprehended.

Minister to China.

The President has signified his intention of selecting the successor of John Russell Young, U. S. minister to China, from California. The factions of the Democratic party in that state have endorsed Frank McCappin, ex-state senator and ex-mayor of San Francisco, for the position.

Postal Matters.

The postmaster general has issued a circular order to postmasters explanatory of the changes made by Congress, at the last session, in the rates of postage. The postmasters are informed that on and after July 1, the rate on all domestic first-class matter, including drop letters at letter carrier offices, will be two cents per ounce or fraction thereof, instead of two cents per half ounce. This change will apply to mail addressed to Canada, but not to other foreign mails.

To provide for wants that may arise from the change in the rate on the second class matter, or newspapers mailed by publishers, from two to one cent per pound, the department has decided to issue newspaper and periodical st